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'87.

The Thirty-Fourth Normal Commencement.

Report of All the Exercises, and Full Text of the Baccalaureate Address.

The Juniors—Training School—Societies—Conservatory of Music—A Class Day—The Alumni—Commencement—Day—The Banquet.

The school year of the Michigan State Normal School, which was closed with the splendid series of exercises reported in these columns, has been as satisfactory and pleasant and successful throughout, as have been any that have preceded it in the more than a third of a century of its existence. In number of students attending, the year just ended stands at the head, the enrollment being 47 greater than last year. The recent vote of the representatives of the people of Michigan, cheerfully granting the Normal an appropriation of \$60,000, that its accommodations and facilities might be increased and its possibilities for usefulness made greater, may be accepted as a direct testimonial to its increasing popularity and appreciation by the people.

The Commencement program was inaugurated in Normal Hall Friday afternoon, with the

JUNIOR CLASS EXERCISES.
The entertainment was opened with a vocal solo by B. St. James, "Holy, O, Holy Saviour," a selection that presented well the vocal capabilities of our mercantile friend. The invocation was then pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Cheney, and was followed with the Class History, by Robert C. Yerkes. Mr. Yerkes referred to the grand privileges of the historian who has for his theme great men, or brave, illustrious deeds, but what a fall from such a privilege was it to him accorded, that of presenting the history of a class of the junior persuasion. In spite of this seeming sadness over his humble rank as a historian, however, Mr. Yerkes presented the miscellaneous facts and statistics of which class histories are usually composed in a manner unusually interesting and entertaining.

A vocal duet, "Two men of the Olden Time," a character song, by Geo. F. Key and C. H. Palmer, was in matter and manner of a humorous-pathetic character, and was excellently given. The class poem, written and read by Miss Alice G. Toms, was a bright, witty production. The runs and plays upon faculty names gave evidence of originality and talent. The last lines of the poem,

There's nonsense on our pencil,
But there's moisture in our eyes,
Was a fitting closing couplet to the many good features of the poem.

Miss Rosetta M. Whitney recited the poem, "Pledged with Wine," in a manner that brought out the peculiar pathos of the lines.

An organ solo, by Prof. Pease, gave the large audience a fair illustration of his mastery over the magnificent instrument. The receding, faint and distant tones, that seemed to toy with the senses with the sweet indistinctness of a pleasant dream, and that nearer and clearer became, ending at last with a burst of loud, delightful melody, was an effect that only a master could produce.

An essay by Miss Emma Ackerman, entitled "Black the Heels of Your Boots," was freighted with wise words of advice in pleasing combinations. Her closing sentences were especially good: "Young men, if you would be successful make your acts truly your own, and make them ever illustrative of the best of which you are capable. Be careful of your personal appearance; the coat does not make the man, but it causes him to look much better after he is made. You cannot afford to deny attention to what may be termed the little things of life, and never, no never, forget to black the heels of your boots."

A declamation by Bert E. Richardson, "Life is what we make it," was a good selection, and was well delivered.

A vocal selection by the Pease Ladies' Quartet, "Wind of Evening," was given as are all the selections by that talented quartet, Misses Matie Champion, Kittie Smith, Leda Bellows and Claribel Champion.

The oration by W. F. Lewis, "Gen. Grant and the Southern Confederacy," was something out of the usual line of school orations, and in that wherein it differed from others was its merits most pronounced. He pictured the formation and rise and fall of the Southern Confederacy with historical accuracy; the kindly greeting that was extended to the hosts and leaders of secession by the great powers of Europe, and presented well the fear and doubt that accompanied the ques-

tion that was then repeated in every shop and store and by every fireside, "Could the rebellion be put down?" The orator's introduction of Gen. Grant was well timed, and his faithful following of the progress of the gallant soldier from Shiloh to Appomattox was vivid and most interesting, and pathetic and true were his final sentiments in reference to America's great warrior, statesman and citizen, whose eyes were closed in death on Mt. McGregor.

The class prophecy, by Miss Perlia B. Ferris, was a poetical and highly colored composition, and it was received by the class and audience with enthusiastic approval.

The class song, written by Miss S. Evelyn Watson, was rendered by the class as a closing exercise. And so ended the existence of the Junior class of '87.

THE CONSERVATORY CONCERT.
To attempt to give any fair report of the closing concert of the Conservatory of Music would necessitate the expenditure of time and space, which in the present busy season we have not at our command. The program was quite lengthy, being composed of twenty-one numbers, but its length was by no means complained of by any member of the audience that filled every foot of available seating or standing room in Normal Hall. The vocalists of the evening were, Misses Kittie Smith, Blenda Reese, Dora Grayson, Rosette Whitney, Leda Bellows, Matie and Claribel Champion, Nellie Hankey, Myra Pattison, Lizzie Millsbaugh, Martha Barnard, and Messrs. B. S. Boyce, Fred Stebbins, Marshall Pease and C. H. Palmer. The instrumental participants were Misses Ruth Putnam, Helen Hewitt, Lizzie Millsbaugh, Lute Lee, Grace George, Jennie Richards, Julia Bellows, Fannie Strong, Nellie Hankey, Ada Ballou, Ella Taylor and Myra Pattison. Mr. Pease, Mr. Abel and Mrs. Pease assisted the participants at the organ, with the 'cello and with the conductor's baton.

SOCIETY REUNIONS.
Saturday was utilized as a day of visiting and social enjoyment by the students of the year just ended, with their friends from distant homes and former students and members of the alumni. In the evening occurred the reunions of the Olympic and Crescent Societies, the former at the Hawkins House and the latter in the Normal building. The Olympic reunion was celebrated by a grand banquet and with music and toasts. The program announced a "Salutation" by Prof. W. H. Cheever; "The Olympic Ladies," by Prof. Chas. E. St. John; "The Olympics of the Past," by Prof. C. H. Rankin; "The Olympics in the Present," by W. J. McCone, and "The Olympics of the Future," by W. H. Dorgan. Mr. Geo. F. Key was chairman of the evening.

The Crescent reunion program consisted of an address of welcome by President W. E. Hicks, an address by Geo. H. Purchase, History of the Society, by Evan Essery, and a Parody by S. D. Brooks. Mr. Andrew Paton of the class of '86, was expected to be present and deliver an address, but being unavoidably detained, he forwarded a very interesting paper which was read before the society.

THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
The last meeting of the Student's Christian Association, held in their hall in the Conservatory building, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, was a meeting that will long be remembered by all present. Mr. T. L. Evans, President of the Association, had charge of the meeting and was assisted by Rev. Mr. Fairfield and Harold Sayles. In all the songs and prayers and words presented, there was evidenced a sadness over the fact that this was the last meeting, but more expressive than the sorrow over the parting was the glad spirit that pervaded the testimonies of many as to the benefits they had derived from the Christian privileges offered them by the Students Christian Association during their life at the Normal, and by all was expressed the wish that the Association might continue to widen and extend its influence during the next and coming years, to the degree it had so done during the past year.

THE BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.
The Baccalaureate address, delivered by Principal Sill at the Baptist Church Sunday evening, is printed in full on the fifth page of this issue. It was heard by an audience limited by the capacity of the church, many being unable to obtain even standing room.

THE TRAINING DEPARTMENT.
Commencing at 9 o'clock Monday morning, in Normal Hall, occurred the graduating exercises of the young students of the Training Department. The program, consisting of recitations and vocal and instrumental music, was quite lengthy, but was entertaining and enjoyable from beginning to end. The exercises were under the supervision of Prof. W. H. Brooks and Miss Abbie Pearce, critic teachers, and the music was in charge of Miss Matie Champion and Mr. C. H. Palmer.

The following are the graduates from the grammar and primary departments of the Training School, the former of whom enter the Normal proper at the commencement of the next school year, and the latter will be advanced to the grammar department.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.
Arthur Burton, Josie M. Humphill, Lucy Buck, Nellie Holden, Willie S. Carpenter, Jeanie M. McNicol, Agnes A. Carpenter, Matie L. Newton, Laura A. Day, Anna M. Pomeroy, Marie A. Dickinson, Jessie L. Robbins, Florence R. Fuller, Ada Smith.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.
Mary Carson, Grace Moore, Alice M. Cowell, Benjamin Pulver, Minnie Crittenden, Victoria Shovar, Franklin Douglass, Bert Sniderow, Robert Ferguson, Jennie Sniderow, Olive Hardy, Fannie Taylor, Louise Hinkley, Ellen Tuttle, Mable Lowbury, Everett Ward, Flora Woolsey.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.
At 2:30, Monday afternoon, began the exercises of the graduating class. They were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. McCorkle, and the formal exercises began with an eight-hand piano selection, Wallenhaupt's Grand March, by Misses Ballou, Strong, Goodison and Murray.

The Salutatory, by Miss Lucy E. Lowe, was a production that gave sincere pleasure to the audience, to whom it was principally addressed, and was a cause for no little pride and satisfaction to the class. Miss Lowe began her address with a cordial welcome to all present, and followed with an interesting picture of the life and duties of the student as an aggressive campaign, in which long, hard lessons, difficult problems and the duties and discouragements incidental to school life, figured as the enemy to overcome. And these battles, she said, were as but preparatory drills to the great fight to be waged outside the Normal halls 'gainst ignorance and illiteracy. Miss Lowe made use of no superfluous sentences, but presented a model Salutatory, in all its characteristics.

The Class History by Fred S. Lamb, gave the details of the organization of the class and followed it through its various receptions, elections, etc. He also gave the expected series of facts in the line of age, color of hair, size of feet, weight, individual ambitious expectations, with aggregates computed in all directions. The history of the class was interwoven with bright and good suggestions, closing with the expressed hope that as individuals the members of the class of '87 might so guide and govern their lives that it could be truly said of them, they had fought the good fight, they had finished the course, they had kept the faith.

A male quartet, Messrs. Marshall Pease, Carol Palmer, H. B. Edwards, W. H. Brooks, gave a selection at this point that was received with the approval it well deserved.

Miss Mattie McFarlane, in an essay, discussed the "Breadth of Narrowness." The truth presented by Miss McFarlane was, that in seeming narrowness, in the constant attention and investigation given to special lines of study and discovery, lies the secret of real breadth and true greatness. People that dabble in a multiplicity of matters evolve little from any that really benefit the world. The development of a nation or race is accomplished by each person doing well the narrow work that comes to him. The essay was replete with profitable and pertinent suggestions, and was well presented.

An original poem, written and read by Miss May E. Woodin, was in the form of an Invocation to Memory. In the lines of the poem was followed the course of the class from the primary schools to its last days at the Normal, and to Memory was made the plea that such days should never depart. The poem was well-written and furnished proof that Miss Woodin was not a stranger in the realms of poetic art.

The oration of the day, by Mr. T. L. Evans, who had chosen for his subject "The Factors of Civilization," was a feature of the program that gave real pleasure to all who heard it. During the past two years Mr. Evans has gained an enviable reputation in Normal circles as a writer and orator, and thus there was some special interest and expectation existing in connection with his final appearance on the Normal stage. He proved himself master of the occasion, however, and delivered an oration lofty in sentiment, beautiful in expression and phraseology, and presented it with an evident earnestness and intensity of manner and feeling that impressed and enthused his hearers.

A vocal selection by the Pease Ladies' Quartet followed the oration, and this was followed by the class Prophecy, given by Mr. George Fowler and Miss Helen Patrick. Better selections for the presentation of the collection of ridiculous and witty suggestions and observations, than Mr. Fowler and Miss Patrick could not have been made. They presented themselves as having met ten years after their parting as classmates of '87, Miss Patrick as the mistress of the home of a foreign missionary and Mr. Fowler in the role of a book agent. They recognized each other, and then followed an interesting conversation relating to old Normal days, and an exchange of information as to the careers of their classmates.

The information was given without fear or favor, and though the sensitive spirits of some especially timid members of the class may have recoiled from the possibilities presented by the daring prophets, the satisfaction derived from a dreadful dream, that of awakening and realizing that it was not and would not be true, could follow as a consoling reflection.

The Valedictory, delivered by W. H. Foster, was an address at once tender, pathetic and strong. There was in the voice of the valedictorian, as well as in his words, that which was eloquent and expressive. He referred to the happy days spent together, to the kindness of the teachers and the gratitude that would ever be felt for them by the class of '87, and closed with words of farewell that beautifully expressed the sadness such a separation brings.

The stage exercises of the day were closed with the class song, written by Miss Kittie Smith and rendered by the class under her direction. It was then announced that an adjournment would be taken to the east front of the Normal building, where a boulder provided by the class of '87 would be formally presented to the school.

CLASS PRESENTATION.
The presentation was made from a carpeted stand erected for the occasion. The Ypsilanti Cornet band was present and opened the exercises with music, after which Dr. McCorkle offered prayer. The President of the class, Mr. McIntosh, then introduced Mr. W. J. McKone, who in an address that was not surpassed by any of the day, formally presented the rock to the State Normal, its faculty and students. Mr. McKone had been given but a short time to prepare his address, but the time to him was ample, as the admirable tone and spirit of the address could hardly have been improved upon.

ALUMNI MEETING.
The meeting of the alumni at Normal Hall, Monday evening, was attended by about one hundred members. Prof. W. S. Perry, President of the alumni, called the meeting to order, and Lydia E. Kniss was chosen secretary. Prof. Goodison, chairman of the executive committee, explained that at the last meeting of the alumni, Supt. H. M. Jones, of Erie, Pa., had been selected as orator for the present meeting, but his attendance had been prevented by other duties. It was therefore suggested that the present meeting be utilized as a time for visiting and social enjoyment.

Officers for the coming year were then chosen, as follows:
President—C. F. R. Bellows.
Vice President—H. W. McIntosh.
Secretary—Lydia E. Kniss.
Executive Committee—Prof. Goodison, Miss Trump, A. Jay Murray.

The executive committee were authorized to prepare the program for the next meeting.
On motion of Prof. Bellows a vote of thanks was extended to the members of the legislature for its generous appropriation for the new building.

Hon. S. S. Babcock was in favor of the motion, but suggested, in view of the especially valuable and intelligent service rendered the Normal by Senator Monroe and Mr. Beecher of the House, that their names be especially mentioned in the vote of thanks. Mr. Babcock's amendment was accepted by Prof. Bellows and the vote of thanks received the unanimous vote of the alumni.

Miss Trump suggested that it would be interesting to know what classes were represented in the meeting, and a call for the representatives of the different classes to stand up as their graduating years were called showed the following representation:
'87.....41 '86.....3 '84.....1
'88.....17 '85.....2 '83.....1
'89.....7 '82.....4 '82.....1
'90.....17 '81.....2 '81.....1
'91.....9 '80.....3 '80.....1
'92.....5 '79.....1 '79.....1
'93.....3 '78.....1 '78.....1

The class of '85 was represented by Hon. S. S. Babcock; the class of '84 by Hon. E. P. Allen; the class of '83 by Prof. George, '82 by Hon. J. M. Ballou, '81 by Prof. Goodison, '80 by Prof. Perry, '79 by Prof. Bellows, and '78, the Normal's first class, by Principal Sill.

Several short speeches were made, after which the meeting adjourned.
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.
The exercises of Commencement Day began at 9:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. For over an hour the great hall had been steadily filling with an eager, animated audience—friends of students, come from distances greater or less, to witness the auspicious transition of their favorites from the theoretical to the practical stage of life; friends of the institution, official and private, watching with solicited pride the evidences of its usefulness; former graduates returned for a brief, delightful visit to the scene of their earlier struggles and successes; and members of our own community—until the seating capacity, the standing room, and the hanging-on spaces, were all overtaken, and the rest of the people went away to await the completion of the new building.

The cool, delicious air of the June morning floated gently through the open windows, and all things contributed to the favorable conditions of the time—except the limitation of the walls.

Mozart's anthem, Praise the Lord Ye Nations All, by a well-trained chorus of the Normal choir, opened the exercises, and was followed by earnest, feeling prayer by Prof. Putnam, and a gleeful, The Anchorsmiths, by the full chorus.

Miss Mary Kittie Stewart, of Almont, was first on the literary program, with an essay upon Our Mother Tongue, in which she paid a just tribute to the irresistible virility and universal adaptability of the Saxon vernacular. Spanish, French and Dutch had alike disappeared before it in America; and to us of the American Republic, equally with those of the mother country, are the glories of English literature a rightful inheritance, claimed with pride.

Mr. Chas. M. Robbins, of Constance, discussed The Fishery Question, in an oration which gave to the fishing interests in general an importance not commonly realized by the average toiler on farms and in shops. This was necessary in order to command from his audience a lively interest in any discussion of the fisheries dispute with Canada, and with which his treacherous memory still somewhat interfered. A

taking paragraph was his saying that the Creator had drawn the boundaries of the deep, and the land called he, Earth, and the water, Sea, and the Lord saw that it was good; but Great Britain had drawn a line from headland to headland, and all within called she Canada—and Great Britain saw that it was good.

"Pussy Wants a Corner," was the unique title of an essay by Miss Kate Major, of Centerville, in which she led the thought from the contents of the childish game that all have played, to the not dissimilar contests for favorite corners which we all later wage with each other, or surrender and fail, in real life—appealing at the close, in behalf of herself and associates, for such corners as their capabilities should demand for them.

Mr. Harry D. Thompson, of Ypsilanti, addressed himself to the Popular Prejudice against Higher Education. He quoted the results of Horace Mann's inquiries to factory managers in New England, which showed that in ordinary factory labor the educated brain invariably produced the most skillful and valuable operative, as answer to the objection that education for toilers is a waste. The other objection, that society has no right to maintain institutions of which only a few can avail themselves, was equally baseless. The benefits of education are not confined to the scholar. All invention and material progress, in the benefits of which all share, are the fruits of education. The thoughts of the highest thinkers, perhaps too abstract for our comprehension, filter through all the gradations of mind to reach and benefit the lowest. Utility, however, is not the chief measure of value. Culture is not of most value as a means to an end—it has an intrinsic value in itself. We are not valuable for what we can do, but for what we can be—getting and doing are ever mere servants of being.

The beautiful quartet, Lead, Kindly Light, arranged by Prof. Pease, was delightfully rendered by the Pease Ladies' Quartet, Prof. Pease at the organ.

Miss Eliza McDonald, of Cheboygan, described a Roman pageant, under the title of The Triumph of Aurelian, and in the guise of a letter from a visitor in the ancient capital to his sister at home. It never seems to us the proper thing for essays to be declaimed like orations, without reference to the manuscript; and still less does it seem so when an essay has the form of a personal letter. An oration assumes the manner of an extemporaneous address, and a recitation or declamation repeats a production committed to memory. An essay belongs to neither of those, and a personal letter especially demands attention to the written lines. A good actor with such a part, though able to recite the lines backward, would give studious pains to the perusal.

Personal Liberty was the theme of Mr. Evan Essery, of Elmer—a timely theme in these days of growing abuse and prostitution of its proper idea; and the wholesome influence of our system of Christian education is evidenced by the frequent appearance in commencement papers of such protests against socialism and anarchism as Mr. Essery offered.

Miss Jessie M. Rogers, of Eaton Rapids, gave some thoughtful and useful reflections upon The Romance of Reality, by which she meant the reality of romance. There is romance, material for interest and sentiment, in all our affairs, though we are prone to see it only in the conditions of others, Maud Muller-like. Circumstances are not so unequal as they seem, and the glamor we see in the lot of others they see in ours and not in their own. It is mainly a matter of disposition, and the will can persistently turn away from things that distress and fix the attention on those that shall bless.

Miss Alice Andrus, of Detroit, sang "Sognal" (Dreams), by Selira, so sweetly that she was recalled.

Mr. H. Warren McIntosh, of Hotchkiss, discussed, with perhaps the best elocutionary effect of the day, The Influence of Physical Surroundings upon National Character. Desert, sea and mountain have all stamped with characteristic modification the lives of peoples. In our own America, the vastness, the wildness, the isolation, have produced a unique nation. Battling single-handed with brute forces and nature's forces, rigorous climate and rugged regions, have produced from European blood a national character differing from every other, and the problem that it has been appointed to solve lies largely yet before us.

Under the title of The Culture of Emotion, Miss Jean McDiarmid, of Bear Lake, extolled the emotional nature above its opposites. Taking Sparta and Athens as the types of the two ideas—Sparta the stoical, Athens the emotional—the brute life and the divine life—she found in Athens the spring from which all nations have drunk with delight and profit. The same principles govern individual life—our dams up the springs of refreshing, while from the other flows through a single life the streams that refresh and uplift thousands.

Mr. Clarence D. McLouth closed this part of the exercises with an oration on The Gift of Teaching, at once ideal and practical. There is no place but requires special powers and peculiar tastes, and no demand for such that some are not fitted to supply. Education and perseverance may partially compensate for a lack of native adapta-

bility, but the innate quality is the chief requisite. Historical examples were cited, from antiquity down to Lincoln, to illustrate these truths. Like evidence is found in the teacher's profession, from Confucius and Socrates to our own time. The great teacher's thought is ever in his work, for which he has a passionate love. The gift in its perfection is possessed by few, and where less than that it may be improved, but no theories or methods can make a true teacher of one who lacks it.

After the rendering of "Volskied, Farewell," by the full chorus, the impressive ceremony of the presentation of diplomas to the class of ninety-nine graduates took place, and Principal Sill addressed to the class of '87 a few words of approval, congratulation and admonition, and the Doxology by the whole congregation led by the great organ closed the exercises of the thirty-fourth Normal Commencement, a third of a century since the one at which the present Principal formed one third of the first class of graduates.

THE COMMENCEMENT DINNER.
As has been customary for the past few years, the grand series of commencement exercises was closed with a commencement dinner, given in Conservatory Hall. The dinner this year was served by the Ladies' Library Association, and the artistic and beautiful appearance of the table, together with the abundance of substantial and dainty eatables spread before their guests, seemed a fitting climax to the splendid feast for the mind and soul that all had been enjoying, and won for the ladies many words of praise.

Hon. B. W. Jenks, President of the State Board of Education, formally welcomed the guests and alumni, to the dinner, and when the discussion of the delicacies had been concluded, introduced Prof. Sill as toastmaster. Prof. Sill gracefully accepted the situation, and with an introduction fitting and appropriate, presented Hon. Joseph Estabrook as the first speaker.

Mr. Estabrook, after a few witty prefatory sentences, gave an interesting account of his early efforts as a student and teacher, including his first visit to the University in 1840, then of very humble pretensions indeed, but since grown to such splendid dimensions. He was proud of the University, he said, but his pride for it was no greater than was his pride for the State Normal School. The Normal was nearer the hearts of the people than any other institution in Michigan. He had visited ten such institutions in as many different states, and had found them all far inferior to our own State Normal. Mr. Estabrook referred to the demoralized condition of the district schools of Michigan, and expressed a wish that 50 of the graduates of the class before him would go into them and assist in elevating their standard and increasing their usefulness.

Senator J. C. Monroe was introduced as a representative of the legislature. The Senator especially asked for more sympathy and charity for the legislature just adjourned than was being given it. The great majority of the members of that body had approached their most exacting duties as the new student comes to the Normal, untrained, and ignorant as to the merits of the many special interests entrusted to their care. He eulogized the work of the Normal, and said that upon its merits and needs alone was the decision to grant the appropriation for a new building made.

Hon. S. S. Babcock responded to "Michigan," a toast that had been assigned to Gov. Luce, before it was learned that he could not be present. Mr. Babcock was glad Gov. Luce was not present as it would afford him the opportunity to say for the Governor what he would not say for himself were he there. In the speaker's opinion Gov. Luce was a square, honest, up right and downright old man, one of the grand old pioneers that had made Michigan what it was and placed it in the proud position it occupies among our sister states. The educational institutions of Michigan had been established by men who had never been permitted to enjoy the privileges of such themselves, and the howls of abuse that follow the exercise of the right of such men to caution and advise economy in the management of the institutions to which they stood in the relation of parents to children, was ungrateful and uncalled for.

W. J. Baxter responded to the toast "State Normal School," with which he has been in some way connected since its establishment. Mr. Baxter referred with pride to the men and women that had been sent from the Normal and that now occupy positions of usefulness and responsibility in the different states of the union.

Mr. H. W. McIntosh responded to the "Class of '87," with a few happy and very appropriate remarks.

Lyman D. Norris responded to the "Board of Visitors," in the wittiest and brightest speech of the day. The Normal School, he said, was doing better work for the state than any other institution within its borders. He was a graduate of the University and was proud of it, but we could better afford to dispense with the University than with the State Normal school.

A response to the "Alumni," by Lewis R. Gorton, Principal of the Bishop school of Detroit, closed the speech-making, and the final feature of the Normal commencement of 1887 was concluded.

COMMENCEMENT REPORTS.—Our reports of the Normal Commencement, in this paper, are very full, and must be of especial value to all who feel an interest in the institution. We can furnish extra copies of this issue, in wrappers ready for mailing, and our citizens should send the entire supply to friends abroad. It will be broad cast upon generous waters.

DROUTH.—Our papers from Illinois report a drouth prevailing in the northwestern quarter of the state nearly equal to that of last year, and farmers are plowing up oats, to sow millet and Hungarian grass, and shipping stock to Nebraska, in the certain shortage of meadows and pastures. We notice many trees dying here this summer—evergreens, fruit trees, and maples—doubtless the result of the severe strain to which they were subjected by the drouth last summer.

MILITARY INSPECTION.—Inspector General Newberry, of the state militia, visits Ypsilanti next Saturday to inspect Co. H (Ypsilanti Light Guard). The armory and equipments will be inspected in the forenoon. At 3 p. m., an inspection in skirmish drill and guard mount will be had on the cricket ground, in the Fifth Ward; and in the evening there will be inspection in Light Guard Hall, at which Capt. Hyzer will invite Carpenter Post to be present. Gen. Newberry is a Grand Army man, and it is hoped that the members of the Post will generally respond to the invitation.

NINETY DAYS.—Amos McClellan Dunlap—Mac Dunlap for short—disported himself in a boisterous manner with some female companions on the steps of the high school building, on the night of the 19th of May. The noise awakened janitor Ferguson, living opposite, who went over and attempted to drive the festive party away. Amos McClellan resented the interference and cut the janitor severely in the face with a knife. Ferguson did not at the time know who his assailant was, but he was detected through the agency of the girls, and was last week arrested in Detroit. He was brought before Esquire Griffin on Monday, where he was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$25 and the costs, or go to Lonia for ninety days. Forty dollars and fifty-six cents being beyond Amos McClellan's present resources, he will take the vacation. Boys who are starting in the same path may see the moral of this story, if they try hard.

COOL JUNE.—In spite of the excessive heat of the middle of the month, June has been, as Prof. Mansill announced last winter that it would be, a cool month. The first eight days, in exact agreement with his expectation, were very cool, having a daily mean of 59.4 to 78°, with extremes of 54 and 85°, and an average for the term of 69.4. His next significant disturbance was on the 23rd, when the extreme temperatures were 51 and 63°, by Mr. Manning's record. From the 20th to the 24th, of June, Mr. Mansill said would be a disturbed period. The maximum minimum and mean temperatures recorded here last week were—

	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Sunday.....	85	74	79.5
Monday.....	85	67	71
Tuesday.....	85	77	81
Wednesday.....	75	61	68
Thursday.....	63	51	57
Friday, 24th.....	69	49	59
Saturday.....	77	61	69

Average.....75-6-7 61 67-5-7
Lieut. Finley says in his weekly review that the daily average temperature throughout the northern states east of the Rocky Mountains for the past week was from 3 to 7° below the usual average for that season of the year.

Attention Citizens!
The will be a meeting at the First National Bank, Tuesday evening, July 5th, at 8 o'clock, of all citizens who are interested in the material prosperity of Ypsilanti. This meeting is to include not only members of the Citizens' Association but also citizens generally. Matters of general interest and importance will be discussed and an urgent request is sent forth that many be present.

There seems to be a mistaken conception in regard to the object of the Citizens' Association. It is not to boom water works, a gas well, or anything or anyone, it is simply to increase the material prosperity of the city and bring wealth into it. It is modeled after a very large and effective similar organization in Detroit. The third article of the Constitution explains the object, and is as follows:

The purpose and object of this Association shall be to promote the general welfare of the City of Ypsilanti, more especially by the establishment of a permanent bureau or office, from which shall be disseminated through the press and by circulars, all general or specific information regarding the advantages of Ypsilanti as a business community, as a place for the establishment of manufacturing or educational centers and as a place of residence; and also to provide a place where regular meetings of this Association may be held, where its members may meet together for consultation, and to examine the records which are to be kept in accordance with the object and purposes of this Association.

If you decide to celebrate the Fourth on a small scale at home you can best do it by purchasing your fireworks of A. A. Graves. He has a large stock of the latest specialties in the illuminating and noise-producing lines.

A full attendance of the members of Carpenter Post G. A. R. is earnestly requested at our next regular meeting on Friday evening, July 1, to consider a question of vital importance to every ex-soldier.
O. E. PRATT, Comdr.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1887.

Even English writers in English papers assert that the Americans are the best dressed women at the Queen's drawing-rooms.

Miriam Edison, daughter of the great electrician, is a pupil at Hill's Riding Academy at Roseville, a fashionable suburb of Newark, N. J.

Lord Lansdowne's estate in County Kerry, Ireland, has about 55,000 acres.

The graves of Wendell Phillips and his wife, at Milton Center, are unmarked by any monument whatever.

If the natives of the Friendly Islands suffer from a spreading ulceration they have the limb cut off with a sharp shell.

A park of ninety-two acres has been secured on the shore of Lake Ontario, near Niagara, for a "Canadian Chautauqua."

Secretary Endicott has decided to do away with the practice of making military prisoners carry heavy logs for punishment. He considers the custom barbarous.

Petrified lobsters, clams, turtles and the like are found in great abundance in the Santa Catalina Mountains in Arizona at a height of nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The Rev. John R. Paxton of the West Forty-Second Street Presbyterian church preaches to a congregation whose wealth aggregates over \$600,000,000. His salary is \$12,000.

Mount Abram, in Franklin county, Maine, is said to be visited by a thunder shower every day in summer, and lightning can be seen playing about its head at some time every warm day.

There is a beautiful uncertainty about the value of the copper cents of Mexico. In Vera Cruz, for instance, it takes 104 of them to make \$1, while in Chihuahua ninety-five will pass for \$1.

Millionaire Flood has recently inclosed his San Francisco palace with a bronze fence which cost \$30,000, and he is now adding two large bronze gates, each weighing 4,000 pounds, and which will cost \$15,000 more.

James Lick died in San Francisco ten years ago, leaving in the hands of trustees an estate of about \$8,000,000, to be divided among various charitable and scientific societies. The estate is yet unsettled, but the trustees have drawn over \$100,000 in salaries and have paid out nearly \$20,000 in lawyer's fees.

A Chinese doctor in one of our northern counties has treated a pneumonia patient by rubbing her chest with a hot dinner plate and piercing a row of perforations in her abdomen. The perforated patient died, though the doctor says this old treatment of pneumonia was discovered in China 250 years ago.—San Francisco Alta.

Phillips Brooks declared that Webster, Lincoln, and Beecher were the three greatest Americans of the century. Now, the superstitious will please observe that each had seven letters in his name, and, what is more remarkable, that three times seven are twenty-one, at which age Beecher, Webster, and Lincoln all attained their majority.—Life.

Paul Bremond left New York to seek his fortune in Texas more than forty years ago. The Texas Central Railroad owes its origin and construction to his energy and ability. Mr. Bremond is now well advanced in age, but still retains his activity. Mrs. Bremond, his wife, is a Southern woman who has made a name as a poet and writer of marked talent.

Miss Anita Lucille Cody, daughter of "Buffalo Bill," is a beautiful brunet of 22 summers, is tall, has a pretty figure, and is vivacious and well educated. Her father telegraphed for her to come to London the other day when Queen Victoria paid the Wild West a royal visit. When she arrived in New York she received a letter from her father saying that she will be received at court.

The wife of a Nevada (Mo.) man had ten young chickens almost big enough to fry. One day at noon a hawk pounced down upon them and carried off one. The hawk did not go far until a lot of crows got after him. To the woman's surprise the next night at roosting time the chicken came up. It still bears the marks of the hawk, but it is able to stand up to its "dough pile."

London society is making much ado over Buffalo Bill. He is invited to innumerable luncheons, dinners, and receptions, and is becoming a regular "howling swell." If an American cares to be taken up by London society, he should go over there dressed like a cowboy and call himself "Rattlesnake Joe," "Elkhorn Charley," "Bowie-Knife Jim," "Dead-Shot Dick," or something else equally suggestive of the American frontier.

There is a tradition that a cave near Calhoun, Ga., contains vast quantities of silver. It is said that the Indians were accustomed to go into the cave and chop off great chunks of pure ore and leave the country, they rolled a huge stone from the mountain above and closed up the entrance. Some of the farmers in that vicinity say they will blow up the stone with dynamite and carry away a few wagon-loads of silver.

One of the city ordinances of Paris enacts that all house fronts shall be scraped or scraped every ten years. This used to be done by scraping the limestone masonry, but besides the inconvenience of dust and noise this method, of course, wore off the surface, especially of carvings. This cleaning is now done by water and brushes, applied by means of flying stagers with hose. The water is forced up by rotary hand-pumps placed in the yard of the building. One man at a pump usually supplies two hosemen on the staging, each using a stiff brush on the surface of the stone.

It is a fact that a strong nest of bumblebees in a clover-field is worth \$20 to the owner, for these insects are the chief agents in fertilizing the blossoms, thereby insuring a heavy crop of seed. In Australia there are no bumblebees of our kind, and they could not raise clover-seed there until they imported some.

Brakenham—But don't you think that \$1.50 a day is rather small pay for eighteen hours' work on the top of a freight-car? Superintendent—But you forget that we charge nothing for traveling. Let's see; you ride something like 200 miles daily, and it doesn't cost you a cent.—Boston Transcript.

LIGHTENING THE BURDEN.

"Let me carry your pail, my dear, Brimming over with water?" "No! I'll take hold, and you take hold," Answered the farmer's daughter.

And she would have her own sweet way, As her merry eyes grew brighter; So she took hold, and he took hold, And it made the burden lighter.

And every day the oaken pail Over the well-curb slipping, Was upward drawn by hands of brawn, Cool, and so softly dripping.

And every day the burden seemed Lighter by being divided; For he took hold, and she took hold, By the self-same spirit guided.

Till by and bye they learned to love And each trust in the other, Till she for him, one twilight dim, Left father and left mother.

The wedding bells were rung at morn, The bridal blessings given, And now the pair, without a care, Entered an earthly heaven.

When storm and sunshine mingled, they No seldom trouble borrow, And when it came, they met the same With a bright hope of to-morrow.

And now they're at the eve of life, While the western skies grow brighter, For she took hold, and he took hold, And it made the burden lighter.

—M. A. Kidder.

BASHFUL BILL.

A Jolly Ride With the Widow Watson.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum-cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed; he won't ask her, he's so awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out the clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night-gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before he comes back don't kiss me for a week, Nellie."

So saying Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields we will take a look at Billy Smiley. He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and he had got in a set of false teeth. But every one said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred-acre farm as any in Norwich, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster on a grass-hopper. But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Sherry-bottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow, he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur. "Good morning, Mr. Smiley." "Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of, said Ed, "only Barnum's show that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his girl are going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and I see Gus has got a new buggy, and he's scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He's been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much if she takes him, for she must be dreadfully lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak up to her. By jingo! if I were a single man I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to a key-hole and listened, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young bragger!" said Bill, what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and a new harness, too; and his horse can't get sight of mine; and I declare I've had a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarce help laughing outright, but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nellie; and at about 5 o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage now to talk up to her—until, at a distance of about a mile from her house, he came to a bridge, he gave a tremendous sneeze that blew his tooth out of his mouth, and clear over the dashboard, and striking on the planks they rolled over the side of the bridge, and dropped into four feet of water.

Words could do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression of his face as he sat there—completely dumfounded at his startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, and the show coming on, and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider. Well, he must try

and get them somehow—and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on, and besides, if he did he could not go the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost icy cold water, but his teeth did not chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quickly he waded along so as not to stir the mud up, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water, and came out with his teeth in his hand, and replaced them in his mouth. But hark! what noise is that? A wagon and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting. "Whoa! whoa! Stop, you brute, you something to her, he helped the widow stop!" But stop he would not, but went on at spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but, though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground.

After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and, after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dirty and rumpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh, what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got of Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattling of wheels, and looked out and seeing that it was Smiley, and that he didn't offer to get out, she went to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting with her white arms on the top of her gate, and her face toward him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up his reins for him because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider. He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said; he had to go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's, are you? Why, I'm going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Bill, "what a scrape!" and he hastily pulled his pants from between his feet, and was preparing to wiggle into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, who held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in swimming." "You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the young man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No, sir, I am not! You had better go on about your business." Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and, turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up the lines, will you, please; this brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands." The widow complied, then he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she, "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

(You see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.)

"Oh, my!" said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out with a long silk necktie over the end of it.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley, a necktie?"

"Yes," said he, "I bought it the other day and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," said she, "it was careless," and, stooping over, she picked it up and made a motion to stuff it in between them.

Bill felt her hand going down, and making a dive after it, clutched it in his and held hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance, he still holding her hand in this and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came unlatched and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start which came near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on?"

"I can't," said Bill; "I've got—that is, I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she tenderly, "what is the matter? Do tell me." She gave his hand a little squeeze, and looked into his pale face; she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling-bottle with her left hand,

and pulling the stopper out, with her teeth, she stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance and went over the low back buggy. The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet fell past her head; and covering her face with her hands gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was "right side up," in a moment, and leaning over the seat humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than had Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape and there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was like to burst with suppressed laughter, but, after saying something to her, he helped the widow stop! But stop he would not, but went on at spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but, though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground.

After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and, after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dirty and rumpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh, what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got of Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattling of wheels, and looked out and seeing that it was Smiley, and that he didn't offer to get out, she went to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting with her white arms on the top of her gate, and her face toward him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

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A Story of Diplomacy.

The story goes back to the year 1880, says a writer in the London Times. The relations between Germany and Russia were strained. The German newspapers complained of the excesses of the Russian troops on the frontier. The Russian newspapers replied by attacks on the attitude of the German press. Gen. Von Schweinitz, in spite of this tension, enjoyed the highest credit with Alexander II., to whose private circle he alone of all the ambassadors was admitted. He belonged to the small number of persons who played at the card parties which the emperor was in the habit of joining every evening. One evening the emperor, seeing the German ambassador enter the room, went up to him hurriedly and in almost violent language complained of the attitude of the German press, of the perfidy of Prince Bismarck, and of the indifference of the Emperor William, who tolerated this violence of the press and this underhand policy of the chancellor. Gen. Von Schweinitz was quite taken back. However, his habitual self-possession soon came back to his relief. He said nothing. He had sufficient self-command to take his place at the emperor's table and to remain there the whole evening. On his return home he prepared a report which gave a faithful account of what had occurred, with the exact words used by the emperor. When, at about 3 o'clock in the morning, he read over his report he became alarmed at the consequence to which the faithful reproduction of the words of the emperor might lead—words which his own recall. He took the report, threw it on the fire, and went to bed, intending to sleep over it and to write his report in a calmer frame of mind.

He awoke very uneasy, and was about to breakfast when an aid-de-camp summoned him to the emperor. Alexander II., who was very emotional, threw himself into his arms, explaining how nervous he had been over-night, begged him to forget what he had then said, and talked in the friendliest way of Germany, the emperor, and the chancellor. Two months afterward all was arranged, and Gen. Von Schweinitz, having on leave of absence and on a visit to Prince Bismarck, told him what had passed between him and the czar. "My dear ambassador," said Prince Bismarck, tapping him on the shoulder, "remember that I have rendered greater service by what I have not said than by what I have said."

There is a tribe in Central Africa called the Gani, in which the babies are washed and dressed in a funny way. The children are washed daily, and are licked dry by their mother's tongues instead of towels. The child's body is next anointed with a mixture of fat and vermilion, when the baby looks beautiful in Gani eyes. After it has been thus dressed for the day, it is wrapped in a goat's skin and hung safe on a branch of a tree, while its mother goes about her other duties.

He (after the opera)—Won't you have something more Miss Breezy? She (visiting from Chicago)—I believe I will take a few more fried oysters, thanks. They're delicious, and Patti's delightful singing always gives me such an appetite.

Young lady (to shoe dealer)—A pair of French boots, please number two. Shoe dealer (long in his business)—As large as that? James (to clerk), bring a pair of small, narrow two. (Sale effected, and young lady trips off to a life of torture.)

Donald G. Mitchell, pleasantly known to many thousands of American readers as "Ik Marvel," has wholly given over literary work, and is spending his quiet evening of life on a farm near New Haven, Conn. He is 65 years of age.

A NEW ERA!
THE GRAPE CURE.
SAL-MUSCATELLE

The crystallized salts as extracted from grapes and fruit, a most wonderful product from Nature's laboratory; the greatest sovereign preparation ever placed before the American public.

Sal Muscatelle is Nature's own product; it supplies to the weary system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it keeps the blood pure and the brain clear; it is a natural blessing to the tired-out and weary, an imperative companion to business men, ladies and children. Have it in your homes, travel, summer resorts and seaside cottages.

The colonel stately answered: "Mr. Vallandigham, as a citizen of Ohio and the United States, you are my enemy. As one banished for his love of liberty, for which the south is fighting to-day, I bid you welcome to the southern confederacy."

They then entered into a general conversation lasting about half an hour, at the end of which time Private Nunnelee secured a conveyance, and Vallandigham and his baggage were received inside the confederate lines. The incident made quite a stir at the picket post, and could the men have had their way they would have headed the man for the federal lines and obliged him to return, as they counted far more on muskets than speeches to win their cause.

Mr. Nunnelee is now and has for many years past been the editor of the Tuscaloosa Gazette, and the incidents of this narrative, never before published, were taken from his own lips.—Exchange.

The dancer's knee-twist. Just as famous old songs take in the strange surroundings of a burlesque, so do well-known dances. Thus, a sailor's hornpipe is generally encoined in pantomime, and a spirited "Highland fling" sends the average audience into ecstasies. And so these dances are still taught in the theatrical dancing academies, with others in which the "steps" are exceedingly difficult and intricate. Each step has its technical name, and for pantomime many dancers merely learn a certain number of them and subsequently work them into dances for themselves. There is a curious twirl of the leg, known as the "knee-twist," which every actor or actress in the burlesque aims at mastering. The knee-twist is like a figure in skating—it may appear easy to do before you try, but not after.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. George W. Childs has directed an architect to visit the National Cemetery grounds attached to the Military academy at West Point and design a monument for the grave of each Union general there which is now unmarked. Mr. Childs will erect these monuments at his own individual expense.

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The Upsilantian.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1887.

The members of the Legislature adjourned and went home last Saturday, and the presiding officers of the Senate and house adjourned and went home yesterday. Nominally, the bodies were in session the first three days of the week; but actually, only the engrossing and enrolling committees, and the presiding officers to sign bills, were in session. The Legislature is now ended. It has done some good work, and some not so good. The county option law we regard as valuable. The so-called high license law, except as it provides better facilities for enforcing the liquor laws, we value little. The failure of some of the railroad bills we deplore, but are glad of the act forbidding the use of stoves or furnaces in passenger cars. The act to prohibit the swindling graveyard insurance business, and that to put a stop to the swindling Bohemian cat business, and that suppressing bucket-shops, are salutary, as well as those breaking up the infamous dens of immorality in the upper peninsula, and raising the "age of consent" from 10 to 14 years. The value of putting political caucuses and conventions under control of the law is yet to be demonstrated. We are glad to see it tried. The legal rate of interest is reduced to 6 per cent.

By the act consolidating the Saginaw, Grand Rapids loses the place of second city, and, by the rate of growth from 1880 to 1884, will not regain it, and may even fall behind Bay City to fourth place, the Bays having also been consolidated by act of the late Legislature. The populations of the two places, in 1880 and 1884, were as follows:

	1880.	1884.
Saginaw.....	10,529	13,767
East Saginaw.....	19,016	29,100
Bay City.....	29,545	42,867
West Bay City.....	20,693	29,415
Grand Rapids.....	32,016	41,934
Jackson.....	16,105	19,136
Muskegon.....	11,262	17,345

THE Kalamazoo Herald copies approvingly from the Chicago Herald an article intended to disparage the loyal record of Iowa during the war, which relies upon the alleged fact that the semi-loyal states of Missouri and Kentucky each furnished more men to the Union army than Iowa. That is not true, and it would be wholly insufficient to support the inference if it had been true. Missouri is credited with more men than Iowa, but Kentucky is not. The two border slave states had each nearly double the population of Iowa in 1860. The two Heralds say that makes no difference—it is not a question of percentages, but did Iowa give the Union cause as much help as Kentucky or Missouri? They say no, for she furnished less Union soldiers than they. Suppose she did—though, as we said, that is not true as to Kentucky—they also furnished enough men to the rebel army to keep their Union soldiers busy, and so negative their own efforts and the net result gave no aid to the Union cause. Iowa, on the contrary, sent her seventy-five thousand men, and gave no balancing check. Further, Iowa's men were early in the field, and served largely for three years, while the border state troops were to a large extent later enlistments and served shorter terms. Every 894 people in Iowa furnished a hundred men, while in Missouri it took 1087, and in Kentucky 1541 people to furnish a hundred Union soldiers. It is absurd even to argue such a question, and we would not do it with a paper less fair and sensible than the Kalamazoo Herald usually is.

SAID Dr. Rexford of Detroit, in his last Sunday evening address, "It is charged by the organs of the democratic party that the republicans have enacted the temperance legislation as a scheme to save the party. Now what is the reverse of this? It must be a party scheming to save itself by enacting laws in behalf of the liquor traffic."

By the failure of the Fidelity Bank in Cincinnati, as one of the incidents of the wheat gamblers' operations in Chicago, hundreds of innocent people are ruined—rich and poor alike robbed of what they possessed. We deem ourselves virtuous to legislate against the bucket shops, while the heavier gambling of the boards of trade goes on.

DR. MCGLYNN will better fit the place he chooses for himself if he shall set its depth and area to a smaller gauge than that of Luther. He has announced that he is the modern Luther. The place does not fit his dimensions.

THERE was a severe drought in St. Louis, last Sunday, the saloons being all closed by the authorities. The suffering inhabitants fled by thousands to the country, where "gardens" were open, to escape the horrible alternative of drinking water.

STEPS are already being taken for a vote in Tuscola county, under the new county option act. The county gave 1301 majority for the prohibition amendment. The election cannot occur until October.

To get themselves killed is about the best use to which the Niagara Falls tight-rope walkers and rapid swimmers can put themselves. Steve Pierce, who walked across the gorge on a rope the other day, put himself to that use. He got drunk and tumbled off the cliff, dashing his useless brains out on the rocks below.

FOR President of the United States, Chauncey M. Depew—is the not altogether senseless suggestion of the Detroit Evening Journal to the history-makers of the republican party.

FIRE added to its this year's upper peninsula destruction by wiping out \$700,000 at Hurley, the Gogebic metropolis, Tuesday, five business blocks being licked up.

DR. W. R. BARTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Huron street, (opposite Mineral Bath House) Ypsilanti, Mich. Calls in city or country will receive prompt attention.

DR. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

DR. JAMES HUBSTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence on River street, L. D. Norris place. Telephone No. 45.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST, 11, Mich.

A. CARD—DR. FLORA H. RUCH, Residence and office corner of Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M.

HEMPHILL, BATCHELDER & CO., BANKERS, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag walks, etc., Washington street.

JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S. DENTAL ROOMS Over the Bee Hive, UNION BLOCK, - CONGRESS ST. Vitalized Air if desired.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST. VANTUYL BLOCK, Congress - Street. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary.

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S., L. M. JAMES, D. D. S. WATLING & JAMES, DENTISTS, Huron St. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO., Successors to Comstock & Rbling, dealers in Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets No. 30 Congress Street, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti PAID UP CAPITAL, \$75,000. OFFICERS: D. L. QUIRK, Pres. L. A. BARNES, Vice-Pres. W. L. PACK, Cashier. DIRECTORS: D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES, E. F. UHL, C. S. WORTLEY, CHAS. KING, S. H. DODGE.

GOOD ADVICE If you want that Pension; if you want the very best Fire Insurance; if you want a Life Insurance THAT INSURES and no discount, go to D. B. CREENE. F. A. OBERST, DEALER IN— FLOUR, FEED AND COAL Stationery and all Leading Periodicals. Headquarters for Fresh Fish.

DEPOT POST OFFICE, Follett House Block, Cross St. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

PURE ICE CREAM Manufactured from the Best Sweet Cream BY THE— Ypsilanti Creamery Company.

Orders for cream for socials, parties, picnics or for private consumption promptly filled.

Orders left at E. Washburn's Restaurant will be filled at wholesale prices.

STEPHENSON, The Photographer, of Ypsilanti and vicinity, wishes to inform the public in general that he has secured the service of Mr. A. C. Butler, of Detroit, as operator and general assistant. Mr. Butler, having had a large experience in the business, is enabled to do first-class work. Don't take my word for it but call and be convinced.

Students' pictures at reduced rates. Don't forget that we make the New Permanent Bromide Picture. STEPHENSON. Over the Postoffice.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY! Dr. A. B. SPINNEY, Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Sanitarium, where he is prepared to examine and treat all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of CATARRH, THROAT, LUNG, AND EYE AND EAR DISEASES.

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unable to find glasses can have their eyes examined and glasses made to order. Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 12 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office hours: 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M.

PLANTS! For the Garden and Lawn. Vegetable Plants. Lettuce, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Beet, Pepper, Vegetable Egg, Tomato, Celery, etc., etc.

Cut Flowers and Designs For Funerals, Weddings, School Commencements, etc., etc. Patronize home trade if you wish to sustain first-class Florists. We are not amateurs, but professional Florists.

YPSILANTI GREENHOUSE WELLS & CO., YPSILANTI, MICH., One Door West of Postoffice. 8391

FRANK C. ARMSTRONG, AGENT FOR THE— Deering Mowers and Harvesters. Warranted the peers of any Machines in the Market.

See the Deering before you make a purchase. Machines can be seen at Archie McColl's Shoe Shop, Washington Street.

For Superior Binding Twine, call at Well's & Fish's grocery.

Frank C. Armstrong. 3892

REMOVED! The undersigned has removed his stock of Guns & Sporting Goods to his NEW STORE on North Street, one block east of River Street, where he will keep a full line of Guns and Sporting Goods! at prices that defy competition.

I trust my old customers will give me a call, and I shall be happy to see as many new ones as may be pleased to call.

GEORGE W. HAVENS. The Business World in Miniature at

Business College! YPSILANTI, MICH. No theory or text-book work; everything is real, the same as in the outside world. Visitors cordially invited. Circulars on application.

P. R. CLEARY, PRINCIPAL. Risen from the Ashes.

For the PUREST and BEST PAINTS, GO TO— S. W. PARSONS & CO.

For Building Material and Carpenter's Supplies of all kinds go to S. W. PARSONS & CO.

Alban & Johnson

Have an immense new stock of

Men's Clothing!

Boys' Clothing!

Children's Clothing!

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

TAILORING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, ETC.,

—FOR THE—

SPRING TRADE!

Call and see our stock; we have what you want.

ALBAN & JOHNSON.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

C. KING. (Established 1840.) C. E. KING.

C. KING & SON.

Fine Table Luxuries and Staple Groceries a Specialty.

Dealers in Field and Garden Seeds, Calcined Plasters, Water Lime and Plastering Hair.

WATERMAN, THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Has secured the services of Mr. JERTZ, of Schrimpel & Spellman's of Germany, and later of Bigelow's of Detroit. No cheap or inferior work is allowed to leave this studio, and the citizens of Ypsilanti may justly take pride in giving him their patronage. Call and be convinced. 38193

WATERMAN'S, CONGRESS STREET

GEO. FULLER & SON, CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, BRACKETS AND MOULDINGS.

Building Estimates, with Plans and Specifications furnished on application.

Shop on River Street.

PURE DRUGS.

The very best of every thing, dispensed by one who never makes a mistake, is what

FRANK SMITH

offers to the public, and at PRICES always as low as such goods can be afforded. Please remember that

ALBUMS, FANCY GOODS AND TOYS

are to be had for a few days at prices so low you will purchase if you look at them, for the stock must be reduced.

LOOK IN AT THE EMPORIUM

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

—FROM THE—

Union Block Grocery!

ENTIRE STOCK NEW AND FRESH.

Prices and Quality of Goods not surpassed by any house in the city.

Give the New Firm a Trial.

STOP! READ! READ!

HEWITT & CHAMPION

—OFFER—

Bargains in Boots; bargains in Shoes; bargains in Slippers.

No Humbug. Honest Reduction.

We also desire to call the attention of their lady customers to their DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT, and guarantee perfect and easy-fitting garments, nicely and fashionably made, at reasonable prices. Most careful study and attention, is given to DRAPING; and all GOWNS AND FROCKS, entrusted to their care, will be finished ARTISTICAL-LY, and AT THE TIME PROMISED. This department is under the supervision of Mrs. Champion, who has given it careful attention, and feels competent to please all who may honor them with their patronage.

HEWITT & CHAMPION.

BARNUM & EARL

No. 27 Congress Street.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

GOLD PENS, OPTICAL GOODS, Etc.

New styles, original designs, elegant and appropriate for every one. The finest goods at the lowest possible prices. Everybody come whether you purchase or not.

"THE BEST PLACE"

To look for what you may want in the Jewelry line.

GIVEN AWAY!

A Bunch of Kindlings with every Half Cord or more of Wood at

SAMSON'S

WOOD YARD

COR. CROSS AND PERRIN STREETS.

Listings for Kindlings, 5 Cents per Bunch.

Leave orders at E. Samson's Book and Drug Store, Ike Davis' Flour and Feed Store, or by Telephone.

CHAS. E. SAMSON.

CATCH ON!

—AND—

Join the procession to

J. H. SAMPSON'S STORE,

Where you will find the QUICK MEAL VAPOR STOVE, PARIS RANGE STOVES, ACORN COOK STOVES, FENCE WIRE, Builder's Supplies, Farming Tools, etc. All kinds of Tin and Copper work done at short notice. J. H. SAMPSON, No. 17 Huron Street.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1887.

There has been a failure of crops in Asia Minor, and extensive districts are threatened with famine.

An effort will be made to have the next convention of the National Educational Association held in California.

The Swedish War Minister has resigned because the Rigsdag refused to grant his department an extra military credit.

It is denied that the Indian Government has been ordered from London to forward troops to the Afghan frontier.

It is said that during its period of growth, Indian corn draws from the soil thirty-six times its own weight of water.

There are 103 cotton mills in the South, of which thirty-six are in Georgia, twenty-seven in Tennessee, and twenty in Alabama.

The Mormons of Utah are preparing to hold a constitutional convention and seek admission to the Union as a State before a change of administration.

In Rhode Island, out of a population of 304,234, there are only 63,419, or less than 23 per cent., whose fathers and mothers are born of Rhode Island birth.

A vast amount of damage was inflicted upon property and growing crops in Notawana, Amelia, and Dinwiddie counties, Virginia, recently, by a cyclone.

The Legislature of Missouri has refused to impeach the State Auditor recently charged by an investigating committee with the misappropriation of State funds.

The Spanish Senate has voted \$50,000 toward the erection of a statue to the late King Alfonso in front of the royal palace at Madrid, the public to contribute the balance.

The Queen's jubilee was made the occasion of disorderly demonstrations at Cork and other Irish towns. A number of the participants had their heads broken by the police.

Reports from the big European wheat fields, taking them all together, do not seem to be favorable for a large yield this year. The United States crop, however, is likely to be heavy.

The cultivation of the bamboo for fencing material has been begun in California. It is said that an acre will produce pickets enough each year to make six miles of fence.

Approaches of the jubilee the entrance of George III. upon his fiftieth year was made the occasion for a great celebration, not only in England, but in the colonies of the British Empire.

The colored people from St. Louis are making extensive preparations to take part in the reception and entertainment of the Grand Army veterans during their encampment in September.

A story comes from Washington to the effect that owing to the battle-flag episode an attempt will be made to divide the Grand Army of the Republic and start an organization of Democratic ex-soldiers.

CONGRESSMAN HOLMAN, of Indiana, has been interviewed on the political outlook and sees trouble ahead in the labor movement, which, he says, is the great political problem of the future, and that nobody can foretell what influence it will have next year.

A NUMBER of English nobilities, all of whom appear to be Tories or "liberal-nationalists" will be raised to the peerage by the queen as a jubilee favor. Thirteen baronetcies and thirty-three knightships will be conferred, and divers European princes will be decorated with orders.

STURGEON fishermen at Bayside, N. J., recently captured what is called "a strange monster." It was about six feet long and seven wide, counting its fangs, and weighed about 500 pounds. It was black as ink, had a head resembling a sea lion's, and was spotted underneath like a leopard.

A PERFECT day in London permitted the exercises in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's ascension to the British throne to be carried out without a single unpleasant feature. The Queen's subjects were wild with enthusiasm, and hundreds of thousands cheered themselves hoarse as the royal procession passed through the streets.

The rapid increase in the number of samples of suspected butter sent to the Internal Revenue Bureau by its inspectors for analysis makes it apparent that some step will soon have to be taken to test butter compounds somewhere nearer the center of oleomargarine manufacture than at Washington, and it is proposed to establish at Chicago a laboratory in which shall be made the tests for the West and Northwest.

A SUCCESSFUL experiment has been made on the Pennsylvania railroad in the use of crude petroleum as fuel. The west-bound mail train ran through from Altoona to Pittsburgh on time, the power being obtained from oil stored in a reservoir on the tender of the locomotive. The process is the invention of a Russian scientist, and will be used by the Pennsylvania company in the moving of all its trains, if its value is demonstrated by further experiments.

GOVERNOR HILL has signed a bill passed by the late New York Legislature which prohibits the use of stoves in passenger cars on railroads in that State after May 1, 1888. After that date the companies will be required to heat their cars by steam, hot water or hot air. The feasibility of doing this has been demonstrated on various railways, and the New York Legislature is merely a pioneer in the movement that will eventually compel all the roads to abandon the death-dealing stoves.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

Ashes and smoking timbers mark the site of Marshfield, Wis. Fire swept over it, and swallowed up every vestige of business blocks, residences, churches and railroad stations. Two thousand people are homeless, all communication is cut off, and the loss is estimated at \$1,000,000.

Laird & Norton's saw mill at Winona, Minn., was burned Friday morning, entailing a loss of \$100,000.

Fire broke out in a Virginia City, Nev., mine, Friday, and fifteen men were imprisoned. No attempt was made to extinguish the fire, and it is feared the miners will die.

Amasa Thatcher's livery stable with furniture and seventeen horses, was burned in Chicago, Friday morning. Loss about \$6,000. Other losses about \$10,000.

Fire at Watertown, Wis., destroyed the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Rolling Mills, entailing a loss of \$150,000.

Fire broke out at 1 o'clock Thursday morning, in the upper portion of F. Frederickson's drug store, 139 Canal street, New Orleans, in the Tourco buildings, the most important business block in the city. The fire was confined to the drug store, the two upper stories of which were burned. Loss \$25,000; believed to be fully covered by insurances.

A six story building in New York City caught fire Thursday morning and before it was extinguished \$22,000 worth of property was destroyed.

Green's saw-mill at Manton, Mich., was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$4,500.

At Wilmington, Ill., Wednesday, fire destroyed the Chicago & Alton Railroad station and freight house, Odell's elevator, Ray's warehouse, and other property, causing a loss of \$50,000.

The tugboat Charming, owned by John Tallison and St. Clair Sutherland, and valued at \$2,000, was burned to the water's edge at 9 o'clock Tuesday night at Magazine slip, Chicago.

CASUALTIES.

At Barracksville, W. Va., John Jennings, engineer of a freight train, was killed in a collision on the Baltimore & Ohio Road. John Davis was seriously injured. Cattle in four cars were all killed, and the train took fire and burned.

John McCollum was burned to death in a fire at Bay City, Mich. Seymour Whea-son fell forty feet and escaped with a broken arm.

E. Thorp, cashier of the McLean County National Bank, of Bloomington, Ill., fell on a sidewalk and fractured an arm.

The Mono county, Nevada, marble quarry, was completely destroyed by a recent earthquake. The marble was broken up into cubes not over a foot square. The ledge was over five miles long and four hundred feet wide and contained a fine grade of marble, having over seventy shades, from pure white to black. The mine was valued at \$1,000,000.

By an explosion of gas in mine No. 4, of the Susquehanna Coal Company, near Nanticoke, Pa., four men were killed and four seriously injured. The gas was set on fire by powder.

A special from Sedalia, Mo., reports a disastrous freight wreck on the Missouri Pacific near that place. Eighteen cars were burned and the loss will exceed \$50,000.

The remains of ten children were exhumed at Philadelphia. It is alleged they were poisoned by eating buns colored with "confectioners' yellow," and a chemical analysis is to be made. The bakers who sold the buns pled innocence.

A tree was blown down by a storm at Fairplay, Texas, crushing a dwelling, killing Mrs. Albert Tite and her two children.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

In her home in Jeffersonville, Ind., Miss Sarah Aldridge, aged 13, was found shot in the head. George Jettel, her lover, who was in the parlor with her, says she shot herself while he was asleep with his head on her lap, but his story is doubted, and he has been imprisoned.

Judge Shepard refused to admit McGargle and McDonald, the Chicago bootleggers, to bail pending a motion for a rehearing.

At Baltimore, Md., John Thomas Ross, colored, convicted of the murder of Emily Brown, white, whose body was sold by him to the medical university, was sentenced to be hanged. The Court of Appeals affirmed the verdict of the jury. The Governor will appoint the date of execution.

In a fight in the Choctaw nation between a sheriff's posse and a band of horse-thieves, two of the latter were killed and three wounded.

Five persons, one of them Charles R. Carter, who was to have hanged for murder next Friday, killed the deputy sheriff at Mount Vernon, Missouri, and escaped from jail.

The house of Dr. T. E. Buok, of St. Louis, was wrecked by dynamite, Thursday night. His loss is estimated at \$1,000. He does not know who did it.

George Shoaff, a gambler and ex-marshal of Luling, Tex., has been arrested at San Antonio, Texas, and John Clark, August Smith, and E. Otho near La Grange, Tex., for complicity in the Flatiron train robbery. It is thought Shoaff was the leader.

James M. Webb, an alleged wife-poisoner, was taken from jail at Kosciusko, Miss., and hanged to a tree.

Alfred Blunt, the wife murderer, was hanged at St. Louis on Friday.

A Ringgold (Ga.) farmer named Dennis stabbed a farmer named Clark in self-defense. Clark's father and brother attacked Dennis with clubs and Dennis stabbed both of them fatally. He then fled, leaving his knife sticking in the elder Clark's heart.

Harper and Hopkins, of the burst Fidelity Bank, were surrendered by their bondsmen, at Cincinnati, Thursday, and placed in jail. Harper's assignee has resigned his position, finding, instead of \$1,000,000, but \$50,000 assets.

The murderers of Kellogg Nichols, the Express messenger, Schwartz and Watt, have been lodged in the Illinois Penitentiary.

A Sheriff and posse attacked the Craig Tolliver gang at Morehead, Rowan county, Ky., Wednesday morning, and a desperate street fight resulted. Reports

vary touching the number of victims, but it is stated that Tolliver, two of his brothers, and at least two others were killed.

Two attempts have been made to burn the Sherman House, the largest hotel in Aberdeen, D. T. Had the incendiary been successful in his fiendish work a large part of the business portion of the city would have been in ashes.

A Grand Trunk train was boarded at Fort Gratiot, Mich., by five men, who went through the cars and robbed the passengers. Three arrests have been made.

Complaint has been made and papers issued by the proper officers charging H. C. Woodruff, Municipal Judge, of Waseca, Minn., with embezzlement.

INDUSTRIAL.

It is estimated that since the inauguration of the strike in the coke region three months ago, operators and employes have lost \$750,000 in wages and profits. It is insisted that the operators are making arrangements for a force of Pinkerton men to protect life and property.

A board of arbitration has been appointed to settle the Coal strike at Grape Creek, Illinois, which has lasted over a year.

There seems to be little prospect of a settlement of the wage dispute between the iron manufacturers and workmen at Pittsburgh. The manufacturers are still determined to resist the advance in wages and say they will close down their mills on the first of the month if the workmen insist upon their scale.

The strike of the "N. Y. P. and O." ore docks of Cleveland, which has been in progress for several weeks, is now said to be permanently settled. The men refused to work under contractor Smith, although he agreed to pay them \$2 a day, and John Tod has secured the contract.

Citizens of Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y., who employ persons who live in Canada, have been notified that if they continue to give these persons employment after July 1 the laws of the United States will be invoked against them.

The Knights of Labor Executive have abandoned the strike of the Cleveland ore handlers, the men having refused to accept the terms of settlement made with the employers.

The manufacturers of stamped and hollow iron were decided at Pittsburgh, that it would be impossible to concede the advanced wages demanded by the Amalgamated Association.

Over four hundred Chinese laundry employees struck for higher wages, at New York. They wanted \$4 instead of \$3.50 a day and the washers wanted \$2.50 instead of \$2. This, however, is only the hot weather demand. A few of the bosses of laundries acceded through sheer necessity.

WASHINGTON.

There is considerable apprehension at the Navy Department for the safety of the school ship St. Mary's with her large crew of apprentices. The St. Mary's is one of the old ships. She left New York several weeks ago with Commander Crowninshield as her skipper, and was due at Payal, in the Azores, June 10. Nothing has been heard from the vessel.

The conference of Civil Service Secretaries has raised the limit of age for becoming a letter-carrier from 35 to 40 years and the limit of age of custom-house clerks was wiped out entirely.

Commissioner Sparks of the General Land Office has taken the necessary preliminary steps to cancel fifty-three desert land entries in Wyoming Territory, aggregating an area of about 35,000 acres. The Commissioner, in his letter to the Register and Receiver at Cheyenne, states that the final proof in all of these cases is substantially the same, and is to the effect that by means of ditches already constructed an ample supply of water is at hand to properly irrigate the land; that the claimants own the right to the water thus secured, and have never parted with their interest in the land thus reclaimed, and have never agreed to do so.

Touching the flurry in Wall street, Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild stated Friday afternoon that, should it become necessary, he would offer to redeem without rebate the \$19,000,000 3 per cents maturing July 1.

The President has appointed James Sheakley, of Greenville, Pa., to be Commissioner for the district of Alaska.

First Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson has left Washington for a month's vacation at his home at Bloomington, Ill.

Mr. Trenholm, Comptroller of the Currency, at Washington, D. C., states that the business of the country is in a good condition, and people may look for good times.

The United States Treasury Department at Washington, D. C., has granted permission for the entry of foreign goods for exhibition at the Mechanics' Institute at San Francisco.

President Cleveland and wife have written that they will participate in the centennial exercises at Clinton and the seventy-fifth anniversary of Hamilton College, at Utica, N. Y., Wednesday July 13th.

POLITICAL.

The Canadian Parliament at Ottawa adjourned on Thursday.

In the Michigan Legislature the bill providing for woman suffrage was killed Thursday.

GENERAL.

The Lake Shore and Mississippi Valley department of the American Shipping and Industrial League, is in session at Chicago. The object of the league is to revive American shipping. Its president is the Hon. Joseph Wheeler of Alabama, but Senator Voorhees of Indiana is president of that department. A public meeting is to be held at the Board of Trade rooms Thursday night.

Gen. Smith decided to allow the bills which were left incomplete by Gov. Oglesby to become laws without his signature.

Mrs. Andrews Wedgubler, in cleaning up the room in which her father had died three years ago in St. Clair county, Ill., found in a rat-hole a woolen sock that contained \$3,984 in greenbacks.

An official circular was issued by the Manitoba Railroad, to the effect that cattle from infected districts in Illinois,

Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, Virginia, Vermont, and Texas destined for points in Montana, would be quarantined 90 days at Fort Buford. Those destined for Dakota points are to be quarantined 90 days at Minnesota Transfer, unless accompanied by a certificate of health from the veterinary surgeon of the district from which they are shipped.

Application has been made for a charter for the Erie and State Line Railroad Company, the line of which will run from New York to the Ohio State line, a distance of forty-four miles. The capital stock is \$3,000,000.

Louis Kennedy & Co., commission and grain merchants at Cincinnati, failed for \$400,000. Kennedy, who is a heavy investor of Fidelity Bank paper, was interested in the wheat deal.

Robt. Garrett, the Baltimore R. R. Co's man is said to have lost \$300,000 through the Consolidated Gas Company's scheme.

Mrs. Blaine, who has been quite sick since her arrival in London, is reported improving.

There was great excitement at the stock exchange of New York, Friday morning amounting almost to a panic. It is understood that the break was caused by a report that Jay Gould was dead. Western Union fell from 75 to 68. It soon after began to recover when it was known that Mr. Gould was in his office.

Frost in Dakota has injured the crops to some extent. The grain is suffering for rain.

Max Marcus, aged 50 years, an advertising clerk in the New York Daily News office, blew his brains out Thursday morning. There was no one in the office at the time but the office boy, who, hearing the shot, rushed to the scene and found the body stretched on the floor. Death resulted almost immediately. Marcus was a widower and leaves a grown up son and daughter.

At Springfield, Ohio, Thursday, Messrs. Whitley, Fassler & Kelley, the great reaper manufacturers, went into the hands of a receiver.

The Hazlebrook eviction cases that had been on trial, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., for some days past before Ald. Donoghue, came to an end late Wednesday evening. Judgment was entered in favor of the evicted miners, six in number, in the sum of \$300 each for damages.

The following is a copy of a cablegram sent to the Pope at Rome from New York: "One hundred thousand Catholics in mass-meeting in this city Saturday, June 18, have denounced the threatened ex-communication of Dr. McGlynn, with whom they are prepared to stand, and protested against ecclesiastical interference with the political rights of American citizens." Jeremiah Coughlin, M. D., Chairman; James Gahan, Secretary.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has rendered a decision in favor of the city of St. Joseph in a suit brought by the St. Joseph Bridge company to recover the full amount of 10 per cent. interest on 20-year bonds issued by the city to the bridge company and paid by authority of a special statute before they matured.

Judgment was entered in the United States Court at Toledo, Ohio, Wednesday, in the sum of \$5,408,050 against the Ohio Central Road, the New York Central Trust Company being plaintiffs.

Snow fell in Pleasant Valley, Minn., Wednesday morning.

Stephen Peere, a Canadian shoemaker, crossed the Niagara River at the Suspension Bridge on a five-eighths inch wire.

A bill incorporating the New Hampshire Railroad Company was introduced in the New Hampshire House Tuesday. It provides for the union of all State railroads, makes the capital stock \$10,000,000, limits dividends to 7 per cent., passenger tariff to 2½ cents per mile, and prohibits free passes.

FOREIGN.

A new treaty of commerce, friendship and navigation between the republics of France and Mexico is said to contain certain provisions for the settlement of estates of deceased French citizens in Mexico greatly superior to those enjoyed by citizens of other countries.

The Genesta was the winning yacht in the jubilee race around the United Kingdom from Southampton to Dover.

A bill was introduced in the French chamber providing penalties for foreigners resident in France who belong to anti-French societies abroad.

The Supreme Lodge, A. O. U. W., elected officers at Milwaukee. W. H. Jordan, of Oakland, Cal., was chosen Supreme Master Workman; William R. Graham, Cedar Falls, Iowa, Supreme Overseer, and Hugh Doherty, of Boston, Supreme Medical Examiner.

A hastily summoned cabinet meeting was held Thursday, in London, to consider the hitch in regard to the Anglo-Turkish convention in reference to Egypt. The Secretary of War abandoned his intention to be present at the review of troops at Aldershot in order to attend the council. The government is irritated at the opposition to the convention on the part of France and Russia.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.			
BREYER—Choice to Prime	4.10	@	4.45
Good Shipping	3.90	@	4.30
Common	3.75	@	4.20
HOGS—Shipping Grades	4.85	@	5.05
WHEAT—Extra Spring	4.35	@	4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	4.25	@	78½
CORN—No. 2	37½	@	38½
OATS—No. 2	25½	@	26½
POTATOES—New, per bu.	90	@	1.50
BUTTER—Choice Cream	16	@	16½
Fine Dairy	13	@	13
CHEESE—Full Cream Chd	8	@	8½
Full Cream, new	8	@	8½
EGGS—Fresh	10	@	10½
PORK—Mess	23.00	@	23.50
NEW YORK.			
BREYER	4.50	@	5.20
HOGS	5.30	@	5.0
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	96½	@	97
CORN—No. 2	47½	@	47½
OATS—White	37	@	41½
PORK—New Mess	15.50	@	15.75
ST. LOUIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	88	@	88½
CORN—Mixed	37	@	37½
OATS—Mixed	27	@	27½
PORK—New Mess	15.00	@	15.10
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	87	@	87
CORN—No. 2	40½	@	41
OATS—No. 2	30	@	30
PORK—Mess	15.00	@	15.10
HOGS	4.50	@	5.00
DETROIT.			
WHEAT—No. 1 White	88½	@	89
Michigan Red	88	@	88½
CORN	42	@	42
OATS—No. 2	80	@	80
No. 2 White	82½	@	82½

DEAD DESPERADOES.

A Kentucky Feud—The Reign of the Tollivers—Their Crimes and their Death.

Craig Tolliver, Jay Tolliver, Bud Tolliver and J. R. Cooper of the famous outlaw band that has ruled Rowan county, Ky., by terror for three months past, was shot down on the 22nd inst. in the streets of Morehead, the county seat. John Rogers and several others of the gang were wounded. Sheriff Hogg, under authority of Gov. Knott secretly gathered a posse of 160 men from Rowan and surrounding counties to arrest Tolliver and his men for the murder of the Logans. On the approach of the posse Tolliver and ten others took refuge in the Cottage hotel, which was strongly barricaded. Passengers from Morehead say that the posse stopped the trains near there, and then, surrounding the village, commanded the women, children and citizens to come out. Entering the town with 100 men the sheriff surrounded the Cottage hotel and ordered Tolliver to surrender. Tolliver's reply was that neither he nor his men would be arrested and 100 men could not take them. His party then opened fire upon the sheriff's posse. Quite a brisk racket of musketry ensued, and the fighting was kept up probably for two hours. The only casualty for a time was a flesh wound received by one of the sheriff's posse. The attacking party, however, were gradually drawing their lines closer around Tolliver's fortification, and the besieged party, finding things growing too warm, finally concluded to make a bold rush for liberty—cut their way through the sheriff's lines and take to the adjacent brush, which, once reached, would afford them a secure escape, but as they made the rush they were met by a tremendous volley, which killed Craig Tolliver, Bud Tolliver, Jay Tolliver and Cooper. They were all shot through the heart and died instantly. Craig Tolliver seems to have been a general target, as he was so thoroughly riddled as to be scarcely recognizable. The other men of the gang got through safely, but as they approached the brush they were met by a volley from the outside cordon—a line of men stationed ten or twelve feet apart around the town. This volley wounded Cate Tolliver, a 12-year-old boy, and three others, all of whom were captured.

Craig Tolliver was standing on the railroad track firing when he fell. He had been wounded several times before. When he stepped on the track facing the enemy he received a volley, several balls striking him in the abdomen and chest. He fired his revolver as he fell, raised himself, fired again, received a shot in the temple, followed by another in the head, and fell back dead, his head resting on a rail of the track and his hands crossed upon his breast. Cate Tolliver, his 14-year-old nephew, was with him when he fell, and continued firing upon the squad of the posse who killed his uncle. He attracted little attention, and received only a slight flesh wound. He took his uncle's watch, and tried to escape, but was caught and is held by the sheriff.

The feud out of which the tragedy grew began at the August election in 1884, when Cook Humphrey, republican candidate for sheriff, defeated Sam Gooden, a democrat, by a majority of 12. A saloon fight occurred in which John Martin was badly hurt. He claimed that Lloyd Tolliver and John Day beat him with clubs. Shooting followed, in which Solomon Bradley, a bystander, was killed, Tolliver said by Martin.

As a result of this fight John Martin, Ben, his father, Will and Dave, his brothers, and Cook Humphrey, who had lived with the Martins when a boy and gone to school at Morehead from their farm, were ranged on one side in a feud, and Marion, Craig, and Floyd Tolliver, brothers, and Bud, Jay, and Wiley Tolliver, cousins, living in Elliott county, on the other side. In December John Martin met Floyd Tolliver in a saloon at Morehead and killed him. To escape lynching Martin was taken to Winchester jail. Six days later a forced order was presented to the jailer and Martin, in iron, put on the train to return to Morehead for trial. At Farmer's, an intervening station, a masked mob boarded the train and riddled Martin with bullets. Martin's wife was on the train, not knowing him to be there, and heard of his murder only when the train reached Morehead, where he was dying when she saw him. An effort was made by Sheriff Humphrey to ferret out the murderers, and Stewart Bumgardner, his deputy, was one night shot to pieces from the bushes.

The feud grew to involve 100 on each side. Early in 1885 Z. T. Young, county attorney, was shot from the bushes and badly wounded. He claimed to belong to neither faction, but was hated by the Martins, and it was believed, was shot by them. A few months later Ed. Pearce, convicted for highway robbery, made a confession that Cook Humphrey had hired himself and Ben Rayburn at \$2 a day to watch Young and promised them \$250 each for his assassination, and paid each \$75.00 for shooting him. He afterward retracted, saying his confession was extorted by Young's son, to whom he made it. On this Craig Tolliver, who had been elected town marshal, and twenty friends surrounded Ben Martin's house while all the Martins, except the mother and daughter, were in Kansas. They knew Humphrey and Rayburn were there and demanded their surrender. Upon refusal they besieged the house all day, and toward evening, after one of the women had escaped to Morehead, where she was thrown into jail by Tolliver's friends, they forced Humphrey and Rayburn to fly, killed Rayburn as he ran, and burned the house, leaving the women in the woods. In the fight Cook Humphrey poured a shotgun load in Craig Tolliver's face, frightfully but not fatally wounded him. The State troops were summoned. Cook Humphrey was tried for the shooting and the others were indicted for carrying weapons. Attorney General Hardin prosecuted and County Attorney Young defended, but a peace compromise was patched up and nobody was punished.

In January, 1886, the fight was again renewed. The State troops were called out and camped at Morehead several weeks. Finally another peace was arranged by Circuit Judge Jackson and Commonwealth Attorney, now Congressman, Caruth, both of Louisville. Craig Tolliver and Humphrey were to leave Rowan county permanently. Three months ago Tolliver returned, had himself elected a police judge, and has since ruled. He drove out the proprietor of the Central hotel and has since kept the hotel himself. He had from fifty to 100 of his men in town every night to keep guard. A few weeks ago he went with a posse professing to arrest John and William Logan of the other faction and shot them to death. This brought the recent raid.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

The Scene in Westminster Abbey—Imposing Ceremonies—Americans Participating in the Festivities.

The scene at Westminster Abbey during the ceremonies attending the Queen's Jubilee on the 21st inst., are said to have been most brilliant. When the audience was seated the scene presented was incomparable. When the sun shone brightly through the noble stained windows of the abbey its rays fell upon an unaccustomed sight, and the picture was indescribable. This audience, banked up as it was in church, was anything but sombre. For awhile, when all were seated, there was quiet, but this was only temporary and lasted only long enough to enable the people to locate one another. Then there was the life of recognition and of gossip, and it graduated rapidly into a noisy hum. This was startling to a person who entered suddenly, considering the place and who were buried there, but the stranger was soon fascinated and himself added to what had struck him as desecration. Busy and interested as were the people making this irrelevant congregation, some personages entered the abbey strong enough to compel general attention and recognition. When the Marquis of Salisbury, the Queen's Prime Minister, entered and proceeded to the place set aside for him, he was cheered. When Mr. Gladstone was observed quietly edging his way to his seat, he was also cheered.

Such was the eagerness of those who had assured places in the audience at Westminster to be on hand that scores of Lords and Ladies repaired to the edifice at unnecessarily early hours, and as many of them were admitted without having partaken of any breakfast, it was a strange sight to see flasks and sandwiches exchanged in such a crowd, and eagerly used by numberless aristocrats unable longer to withstand hunger and thirst. This business, when added to the hum, at times seemed irreverent, even Jubilee Day, in Westminster. On the procession nearing the abbey the troops saluted, guns were fired, the bells of the churches rang out merry peals, and flags were run up, the cheering being continued until the Queen had passed into the west door. After passing through the vestibule her Majesty was conducted to the grand dais under the lantern tower. She was surrounded by thirty-two members of the royal family.

The scene in the abbey when the Queen entered was dazzling. Ten thousand people were seated. They all rose. The women discarded their wraps and revealed the full splendor of their beauty and attire. Three tiers of galleries had been built in the abbey, with seats for 10,000 people. The Peers and their wives were seated in the south transept. The Ambassadors and diplomatic corps were seated right and left to the Peers. Members of the House of Commons were placed in the north transept. The seats for the members of the reigning families of Europe, etc., were within the communion rails. All the great learned societies and corporations were represented, while the notables of the law, science, art, and agriculture and workmen's representatives from all parts of the United Kingdom had seats, duly allotted to them. The Queen was evidently profoundly impressed with the scene prepared for her. She was noticeably pale when she reached the dais. She soon, however, recovered and regained

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Salvation for the Cities of the Land.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered the following in the Tabernacle at Brooklyn, taking for his text: "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my Lord seeth; but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said: 'Thus said the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day.'—[II Kings ii, 19-22.]

It is difficult to estimate how much of the prosperity and health of a city are dependent upon good water. The time when, through well-laid pipes and from safe reservoir, an abundance of water from Croton, or Ridgewood, or Schuylkill, is brought into the city, is appropriately celebrated with oration and pyrotechnic display. Thank God every day for clear, bright, beautiful sparkling water, as it drops in the shower, or tosses up in the fountain, or rushes out at the hydrant.

The City of Jericho, notwithstanding all the physical and commercial advantages, was lacking in this important element. There was enough water, but it was diseased, and the people were crying out by reason thereof. Elisha the prophet came to the rescue. He says:

"Get me a new cruse; fill it with salt and bring it to me."

So the cruse of salt was brought to the prophet, and I see him walking out to the general reservoir, and he takes that salt and throws it into the reservoir, and lo! all the impurities depart, through a supernatural and divine influence, and the waters are good and fresh and clear, and all the people clap their hands and lift up their faces in the gladness. Water for Jericho—clear, bright, beautiful. God given water!

At different times I have pointed out to you the fountains of municipal corruption, and this morning I propose to show you what are the means for the rectification of those fountains. There are four or five kinds of salt that have a cleansing tendency. So far as God may help me, I shall bring a cruse of salt to the work, and empty it into the great reservoir of municipal crime, sin and shame, ignorance and abomination.

In this work of cleansing our cities I have first to remark that there is a work for the broom and the shovel that nothing else can do. There always has been an intimate connection between iniquity and dirt. The filthy parts of the great cities are always the most iniquitous parts. The gutters and the pavements of the Fourth Ward, New York, illustrate and symbolize the character of the people in the Fourth Ward.

The first thing that a man does when he is converted is thoroughly to wash himself. There were, this morning, on the way to the different churches, thousands of men in proper apparel who, before their conversion, were unfit in their sabbath dress. When on the Sabbath I see a man uncleanly in his dress, my suspicions in regard to his moral character are aroused, and they are always well founded. So as to allow no excuse for lack of ablution, God has cleft the continents with rivers and lakes, and has sunk five great oceans, and all the world ought to be clean. Away, then, with the dirt from our cities, not only because the physical health needs an ablation, but because all the great moral and religious interests of the cities demand it as a positive necessity. A filthy city always has been and always will be a wicked city.

Another corrective influence that we would bring to bear upon the evils of great cities is a Christian printing-press. The newspapers of any place are the tests of its morality and immorality. The newsboy who rushes along the street with a roll of papers under his arm is a tremendous force that can not be turned aside nor resisted, and at his every step the city is elevated or degraded. This hungry, all-devouring American mind must have something to read, and upon editors and authors and book publishers and parents and teachers rest the responsibility of what they shall read.

Almost every man you meet has a book in his hand or a newspaper in his pocket. What book is it you have in your hand? What newspaper is it you have in your pocket? Ministers may preach, reformers may plan, philanthropists may toil for the elevation of the suffering and the criminal, but until all the newspapers of the land and all the book-sellers of the land set themselves against an iniquitous literature—until then we shall be fighting against fearful odds.

Every time the cylinders of our great publishing houses turn they make the earth quake. From them goes forth a thought like an angel of light to feed and bless the world, or like an angel of darkness to smite it with corruption and sin and shame and death. May God by his omnipotent spirit purify and elevate the American printing-press!

I go on further and say that we must depend upon the school for a great deal of correcting influences. A community can no more afford to have ignorant men in its midst than it can afford to have uncaged hyenas. Ignorance is the mother of hydra-headed crime. Thirty-one percent of all the criminals of New York State can neither read nor write. Intellectual darkness is generally the precursor of moral darkness.

It is high time that all city and State authorities, as well as the Federal Government, appreciate the awful statistics that, while years ago, in this country, there was set apart 45,000,000 acres of land for school purposes, there are now in New England 131,000 people who can neither read nor write, and in the State of Pennsylvania 222,000 who can neither read nor write, and in the State of New York 241,000 who can neither read nor write, while in the United States there are nearly 6,000,000 who can neither read nor write. Statistics enough to stagger any man who loves his God and his country.

Now, in view of this fact, I am in favor of compulsory education. When parents are so bestial as to neglect this duty to the child, I say the law, with a strong hand, at the same time with a gentle hand, ought to lead these

little ones into the light of intelligence and good morals.

The officers of the law ought to go down into the cellars, and up into the garrets, and bring out these benighted little ones, and put them under educational influences; after they have passed through the bath and under the comb, put before them the spelling book, and teach them to read the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Our city ought to be to father and mother both to these outcast little ones. As a recipe for much of the vice and want and crime of our city, I give the words which Thorwaldsen had chiseled on the open scroll in the hand of the statue of John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing:

Let there be light. I believe the great want of our city is the gospel and something to eat! Faith and repentance are of infinite importance; but they can not satisfy an empty stomach! You have to go forth in this work with the bread of eternal life in your right hand, and the bread of this life in your left hand, and then you can reach them, imitating the Lord Jesus Christ, who first broke the bread and fed the multitudes in the wilderness, and then began to preach, recognizing the fact that while people are hungry they will not listen, and they will not repent. We want more common sense in the distribution of our charities; fewer magnificent theories and more hard work.

Still further: The great remedial influence is the Gospel of Christ. Take that down through the lanes of suffering. Take that down through the mansions and palaces of your city. Take that up amid the mansions and palaces of your city. That is the salt that can cure all the poisoned fountains of iniquity.

Do you know that in this cluster of three cities, New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn, there are great multitudes of homeless children? You see I speak more in regard to the youth and children of the country, because old villains are seldom reformed, and therefore I talk more about the little ones. They sleep under the stoops, in the burned out safe, in the wagons in the streets, on the barges, wherever they can get a board to cover them. And in the summer they sleep all night long in the parks.

How many are waiting for you to come out in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ and rescue them from their wretchedness here! Oh that the Church of God had arms long enough and hear a warm enough to take them up! How many of them there are! As I was thinking of the subject this morning, it seemed to me as though there was a great brink, and that these little ones, with cut and torn feet, were coming on toward it. And here is a group of orphans. O fathers and mothers, what do you think of these fatherless and motherless little ones? No heart at home to take care of their apparel, no heart to pity them. Said one little one, when the mother died: "Who will take care of my clothes now?"

The little ones are thrown out in this great cold world. They are shivering on the brink like lambs on the verge of a precipice. Does not your blood run cold as they go over it?

And here, is another group that comes on toward the precipice. They are children of besotted parents. They are worse off than orphans. Look at that pale cheek; woe bleached it. Look at that gasp across the forehead; the father struck it. Hear that heart-piercing cry; a drunken mother's blasphemy compelled it. And we come out and we say:

"O ye suffering, peeled and blistered ones, we come to help you."

"Too late!" cry thousands of voices. "The path we travel is steep down, and we can't stop. Too late!"

And we catch our breath, and we make a terrific outcry. "Too late!" is echoed from the garret to the cellar, from the gin shop and from the brothel. "Too late!" It is too late, and they go over.

Here is another group, an army of neglected children. They come on toward the brink, and every time they step 10,000 hearts break. The ground is red with the blood of their feet. The air is heavy with their groans. Their ranks are being filled up from all the houses of iniquity and shame. Skeleton despair pushes them on toward the brink. The death knell has already begun to toll, and the angels of God hover like birds over the plunge of the cataract. While these children are on the brink they halt, and throw out their hands, and cry:

"Help! help!"

O Church of God will you help? Men and women bought up by the blood of the Son of God, will you help while Christ cries from the heavens:

"Save them from going down; I am the ransom."

I stopped on the street and just looked at the face of one of those little ones. Have you ever examined the faces of the neglected children of the poor? Other children have gladness in their faces. When a group of them rush across the road it seems as though a spring gush had loosened an orchard of apple blossoms. But these children of the poor. There is but little ring in their laughter, and it stops quick, as though some bitter memory tripped it. They have an old walk. They do not skip or run up on the lumber just for the pleasure of leaping down. They never bathed in the mountain stream. They never waded in the brook for pebbles. They never chased the butterfly across the lawn, putting their hat right down where it was just before. Childhood has been dashed out of them. Want waved its wizard wand above the manger of their birth, and withered leaves are lying where God intended a budding glade of battle.

Some by one humane and Christian visitation, and some by another, are being rescued. In one reform school, through which 2,000 of the little ones passed, 19,95 turned out well. In other words, only five of the 2,000 turned out badly. There are thousands of them who, through Christian societies, have been transported to beautiful homes all over this land, and there are many who, through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, have already won the crown.

A little girl was found in the streets of Baltimore and taken into one of the

reform societies, and they said to her: "What is your name?" She said:

"My name is Mary."

"What is your other name?" She said: "I don't know."

So they took her into the reform society, and as they did not know her lost name they always called her "Mary Lost," since she had been picked up out of the street. But she grew on, and after a while the Holy Spirit came to her heart and she became a Christian child, and she changed her name; and when anybody asked her what her name was she said:

"It used to be Mary Lost, but now, since I have become a Christian, it is 'Mary Found'."

For this vast multitude we are willing to go forth from this morning's service and see what we can do, employing all the agencies I have spoken of for this rectification of the poisoned fountains. We live in a beautiful city. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage; and any man who does not like a residence in Brooklyn must be most uncomfortable and unreasonable man. But, my friends, the material prosperity of a city is not its chief glory. There may be fine houses and beautiful streets, and that all the garniture of a sepulcher. Some of the most prosperous cities of the world have gone down, not one stone left upon another. But a city may be in ruins long before a tower has fallen, or a column has crumbled, or a tomb has been defaced. When in a city the churches of God are full of cold formalities and inanimate religion; when the houses of commerce are the abode of fraud and unholiness; when the streets are filled with crime unarrested and sin unlighted and helplessness unvisited—that city is in the ruins, though every church were a St. Peter's and every moneyed institution were a Bank of England, and every library were a British Museum, and every house had a porch like that of the tower like that of Antwerp, and traced windows like those of Freiburg.

My brethren, our pulses beat rapidly the time away, and soon we shall be gone; and what we have to do for the city in which we live we must do right speedily, or never do it at all. In that day, when those who have wrapped themselves in luxuries and despised the poor, shall come to shame, and everlasting contempt, I hope it may be said of you and me that we gave bread to the hungry and wiped away the tear of the orphan, and upon the wanderer of the street we opened the brightness and benediction of a Christian home; and then, through our instrumentality, it shall be known on earth and in heaven, that Mary Lost became Mary Found!

Ronsaparte as a Statesman.
The battle of Austerlitz was fought Dec. 2, 1805. Early in 1806 peace was made by the treaty of Presburg, and Napoleon returned to Paris, to occupy himself in consolidating his influence in Germany by founding the Confederation of the Rhine. It was at this time, in the year 1806, when he was in the zenith, or about the zenith, of his fortunes, that the portrait by Longhi was taken. The face is certainly extremely handsome; there is great refinement in the features, and every indication of intellectual power. The remarkable thing about it is, that it does not in the least suggest a warrior. It is hard to imagine that it is a portrait of Napoleon, drawn in the brief period which intervened between Austerlitz and Jena. It is, however, a great mistake to regard Napoleon as only, or even chiefly, a soldier. Great as he certainly was in the field, he was equally great in the cabinet. No man of his day took hold of the work of government with anything approaching the energy or capacity displayed by him. No man of any day has ever surpassed him in roads, canals, colleges, schools, civil as well as military, all received his attention; reforms of administration and of taxation, and all the manifold tasks of government, were approached in an enlightened spirit, with the clear good sense of a man of affairs, and with an entire absence of the prejudices so characteristic of this period. Above all, his code, at which he employed the best lawyers of the day, and which he pushed through to completion in the comparatively brief period of four years from its inception, feeling, as he did, a thorough conviction of its prime necessity, in casting into the form of law the great practical reforms which had been brought in by the revolution—this work stamps him as being, beyond question, the most sound and practical statesman of his time, so far as the internal management of his country was concerned.

An Armless Man.
Recently there died at Potsdam, New York, a wonderful man. An accident deprived him of both arms, which were amputated at the shoulder. He earned a living by using his feet and mouth instead of his arms. We are told that he owned a horse, of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders. Being in need of a wagon, he bought wheels and axles and built a box buggy complete and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cow stable, sawing the timber with his feet, and with the hammer in one foot, and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could do with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep on a farm in the town and stoned it himself. He could now away bay by holding the fork under his chin and letting it rest against his shoulder. He could pick up potatoes in the field as fast as a man could dig them. He would dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost anything that any man with two hands could do. Many a man with all his physical faculties unimpaired mourns because he can not get along, and yet this armless brother made himself independent without arms or hands. He was like the Crimean hero who, when his lower limbs were shot away, wrote to the woman he was engaged to marry releasing her. She answered: "I will marry you if you have enough body remaining to contain your noble soul."—*Augusta Chronicle.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Dying Unmarried—The Teaspoon—Wife and Husband—What Women Want to Know—Fashion Notes, Etc.

Home.

The winds that blow from home to me,
How sweet their breath!—they kiss my cheek,
And over life's tempestuous sea,
What tender words of love they speak!

Ah, happy home! where dear ones dwell,
Your benedictions on the air
Come, with the night-wind's mystic swell,
Surcharged with love, perfumed by prayer.

Not Persian rose, nor odors rare,
From Ceylon's groves, nor far Cathay,
Can with home's violets compare,
Nor sweet breath from his hawthorn spray.

E'en now upon the winds that come
From where Love's compass seeks the West,
I seem to hear the wild bees hum,
The chirp of birdings in the nest;

I see the swallows dart and play,
I hear the mockingbird's glad strain;
If I could fly, ah, soon, like they,
I'd come to thee, dear home, again!

For there are never fairer skies,
Nor flowers so sweet, where'er we roam,
Nor redder hands, nor brighter eyes,
Nor warmer hearts than those at home!

—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Dying Unmarried for Want of Offers.

This is a complaint from which few heiresses suffer, and special notice has been called to it by the recent death of Miss Catherine Wolfe. Miss Wolfe was the richest of single women in this country; not only that—a most generous giver—giving as freely as a man. It was not, said an ingenious writer, who has apparently been dozing since 1861, "it was not by reason of necessity that she never married, for she had offers from persons who did not know her, including some clergymen." A writer in the *Philadelphia Ledger* takes exception to this and thinks the unconscious satire of the writer does not fall upon the suitors so much as upon himself, on those lingering views and estimates of an earlier day, expressed by that word "necessity." We all know that a great many women are married from necessity, because they can not help it, because they want a comrade for life, or a care-taker, or an establishment, or a provider, or a partner. The judgment of thirty years ago certainly maintained that no woman ever earned money or remained single, except for necessity in both cases. Did a bright young girl, in apparently comfortable circumstances, undertake to teach, or sing in a church choir, or sell "fancy work," instantly the questioning went round: "Is it necessary?" which meant, has bankruptcy set in or heavy losses to brothers, fathers, uncles and all male relatives? Also, when a girl, rich or humble, did not change her name or had not changed it by twenty-five, it was society's judgment that this, too, was the result of necessity and not of free will. A few romances were allowed to count for reasons—fidelity to the early dead, or when a mischief maker's work had parted two agreeing souls. But for the main body—out with the catalogue—a mark set against your name, Misses Sally or Lilly or Nancy, relegated to spinsterhood because nobody offers to save. If the poor creatures were very pretty, they were sometimes accused of having gone through the whole wood to find only a crooked stick at last, which meant that they were perchance difficult; said "no" to the first person who asked them in marriage—a most risky, experimental thing for any but a very pretty girl to do.

Enough to Make any Girl Mad.
Why are the seats in all public places and vehicles graded to the measure of the average man, so that three-fourths of the women must sit on the edge, or the women must floor with their feet, or barely reaching the floor with their toes? It seems to be one of the survivals of the cross masculine pretension that never suspected, until lately, but that everything, women included, was made solely for the male creature's convenience. It is not because seats an inch or two lower would be any less comfortable to his lordship, but simply because it never came to his lordship's head to think of anybody else's comfort in the matter. We write feelingly, from a vivid though distant recollection of ourselves dangling in part from a school house bench made for long legs. Every row of feminine feet swinging from the bench of a street car recalls that sensation of congested bloodvessels and uneasy muscles. We commend this grievance to the champions of women's rights as much more substantial than most of those they are agitating.

The Small Spoon.
Everything you can eat with a small spoon was invented for women. It was a delicate flattery in the male sex thus to infer the dainty size of the female mouth. There is not so much difference in quantity of consumption between the two, but man, being naturally a coarser animal, thinks he has to eat most, and he uses a big spoon. But the little spoon goes oftener to the lips. The fact is that women's great joke on man is the way she allows him to think things and never undeceives him. A man takes up the bill of fare and snacks his lips and makes a great show of appetite and enjoyment. A woman never makes any demonstration, but the simple, innocent way in which she gets away with the menu is delightful. A man howls when he is hungry; a woman never says she is hungry; she just waits till the man howls, and under the cover of his enormous appetite and fierce demonstration, she has a good square meal, and he thinks she is so delicate.

Wife and Husband.
"I have made my will, dear," the sick man said to his wife, "and you will inherit everything unconditionally. But I have one last request to make, and that is you do not marry again for two years." "How much is the property worth, John?" inquired the weeping lady. "About \$1,600." "Well, John," she said, "the thought that you may possibly die almost breaks

my heart but your last request shall be respected. I think I can accomplish it with economy."—*New York Sun.*

A lady was recently visited by a female servant who had been married, and seeing that the girl presented an appearance of having very much bettered her circumstances, the lady inquired the nature of her husband's trade. To this interrogatory the young woman replied: "He's an 'asker,' ma'am." "An asker?" inquired the good lady, in amazement, "and what in this world is that?" "O, ma'am, he stands in the streets and asks," "Why, you don't mean to say you've married a beggar, do you?" "Yes, ma'am; but it's a very good business. My husband thinks it very poor taking for a day's work when he don't bring 'ome more than fifteen shillings clear profit, after paying for his beer, tobacco and food."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Fashion Notes.

Gilt passementerie is seen on some stylish French jackets.

A faint shade of terra cotta with light blue is a favorite combination.

Pinks are used as posies, and very effective they are in all the varieties.

Black bonnets are heavy with fine art jets. Hats also have an edging of sparkling beads.

Canvas cloth is stylish, but requires to be very carefully finished to look elegant or stylish.

Several simple hats and bonnets instead of a lesser number of elaborate ones is good form.

Sweet peas are seen this season among the velvet flowers, and are beautifully shaded.

Belt buckles in all sorts of fancy designs are very stylish, and add much to the beauty of the toilet.

Sunshades have a handle quite as large as a cane, and if of bright color they are sure to be stylish.

Lace is sparingly used on colored costumes for summer wear, and none but the newer kinds are allowable.

Primrose yellow is a favorite shade with green in millinery, and harmonizes particularly well with all pale greens.

Silver rings are the last London fashion. If they be oxidized, so much the better for the aper of English fashions.

Muslins will be more generally worn the coming season, and one or more for hottest days will prove very acceptable.

The little fob chain, which has had such a modest air, is now a relic of the past, and has no place in a lady's buttonhole.

The plaid and checkered ribbons which have been the dismay of people of taste are at length utilized on children's hats.

The small double violet in pink, white, black, or purplish enamel is frequently used as a scarf-pin, and the delicate calla lily, with pistil of diamonds, is utilized as a bonnet or scarf pin.—*Jewellers Weekly.*

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Raymond, better known as Annie Louise Cary, will spend part of the summer with friends at Rutland, Mass.

Mrs. Senator Hearst has the reputation of being a most liberal and generous lady without ostentation or desire for display.

Miss Clara Williamson, of Tioga, Pa., has committed every line of the Book of Proverbs to memory. She is said to be completely word perfect.

A marble firm at Matteawan, N. Y., has received from San Francisco a model cut from a loaf of bread of a monument which a lady wishes placed over her husband's grave at West Point.

Elise P. Buckingham successfully manages a fruit farm of several hundred acres in California, and urges other women to take up the same kind of work, for which she thinks women are well fitted.

An orchestra of women, who are all players of brass instruments, is making a sensation in Dresden. The ladies have an engagement for Vienna next winter, where they will play at a series of balls among the aristocracy.

It is said that there were ladies present at Queen Victoria's last drawing-room who possess fortunes in their own right of £10,000, £20,000, £30,000, and even up to £40,000 a year. Heiresses were to be counted by the dozen.

A guide who has conducted many bridal couples through the Capitol at Washington declares that they are his best customers, because "if a man is ever going to throw away money on his wife, it's when he's first married."

Things Women Want to Know.

It is a good plan to wrap glass jars of fruit in newspapers and put them away in a dark, cool place. It prevents the fruit from bleaching.

Put a small piece of charcoal into the pot when boiling cabbage to prevent the disagreeable odor that usually accompanies the cooking of this vegetable.

Dry salt applied every day and brushed into the roots will make the hair silky and cause it to grow. Do not continue but a year or two at longest, as it is a strong tonic.

Unpleasant cracks in mirrors may be entirely concealed by painting a spray of flowers in such a way that the crack may serve as a vine or long stem, and so completely hide the defect.

The unpleasant odor left in the breath after eating onions is entirely removed by a cup of strong coffee, and the coffee being prepared while the onions are being cooked counteracts the smell.

To remove a glass stopper from a bottle, dip a piece of cloth in boiling water and hold it for a moment or two around the neck of the bottle. The heat will cause the glass to expand, when the stopper can easily be removed.

Wash goods and all articles dyed with aniline colors faded from exposure to light will look as bright as ever after being sponged with chloroform. The commercial chloroform will answer the purpose very well and is less expensive than the purified.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Independent Girl—A Double Up Lucy—A Sensible Princess—Bennie's New Hat—"Benedict Arnold," Etc.

Thy Mother.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
Those deep lines of care;
Think it was but for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eyes the light;
Cherish well her faithful heart,
In which through weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy,
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh, and then—
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than the mother's grave.

—[KATE HOGAN in Springfield Republican.]

The Independent Girl.

The girls of 18 to 20 who are now beginning to come forward to earn their own living in various new ways find a much easier field than their elder sisters and aunts who tried their hands at "battling with the world." The world appears in so amicable a light to all young women who can do any one thing very well, whether it is to manage a typewriter or a business enterprise, that it is not easy to believe how difficult it was for a girl to find anything to do besides school-teaching and sewing ten years ago. There is scarcely any world work now in which a woman may not engage, no matter how difficult or how extraordinary, if she has the desire and the talent for it.

In families of moderate means where formerly the daughters were able to take no cares beyond a few household duties, and where the father of the family found only increasing burdens with increasing years, the daughters now turn to money-earning occupations as naturally as their brothers do. How seldom nowadays we hear of young men feeling obliged to cripple their own lives by spending all they can earn taking care of orphaned sisters as old and as strong and as well able to work as themselves.

It is the independent girl who takes life the most cheerfully and sensibly in whatever path she has to walk. Those I have known go from earning their own living into taking care of homes of their own have proved to be more efficient and happy home-makers than those who went from one state of dependence into another. They receive more respect and consideration than less independent young wives, and they never go through a year or two of tears and complainings on first discovering that a man can not be an angel of sweet temper and fine clothes all of the time as in his courtship days.

The independent girl loses her romantic and sentimental notions about men while working among them; but if she gains qualities which fit her to be more truly a companion and friend to her husband, she also gains wisdom which makes her standard of manhood a very much higher one than if she had never seen other men besides the members of her family except in the roseate glow of pink shade on a parlor lamp.—*Boston Record.*

"Be You a Lady?"

Little acts of courtesy put sunshine into life. Who has not felt the day brightened from a kindly act done them, or even from a cheerful good-morning?

The following pretty anecdote speaks for itself: As a young lady walked hurriedly down State street on a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted, his limbs most strangely when he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brink of a sidewalk, he stumbled, and dropped one bundle, which broke open and emptied a string of sausages on the sidewalk.

One or two richly dressed ladies drew their skirts aside; as they passed, one of them exclaimed, "How awkward!" A lad stood grinning at the mishap, and a school-girl, amused by the boy's looks and blank dismay, gave vent to her feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking any further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stopped to pick up the sausages only to let fall another parcel, when, in despair, he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright-faced stranger stepped to the boy's side, and in a tone of thorough kindness said: "Let me hold those for you, while you pick up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he had to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse, torn wrapper, her skillful hands replaced the parcels on his servaney arms, as she bestowed on him a smile and said, "I hope you haven't far to go."

The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words; but, looking at her with the same vacant stare, he said, "You are a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"Why?" asked the listener, her curiosity quite aroused.

"Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant to boys like me," "coping to grand uns. I guess there's two kinds—them as thinks they're ladies and isn't, and them as what tries to be and is."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Little Folks.

Little boy Louie, one evening watched a severe thunderstorm, in which the sheet lightning flashed almost continuously, seemed very much interested, and entirely unafraid. Turning to his father, he asked, "What makes the wind open and shut its eyes so fast?"

A little 6 year old girl on Capitol

avenue had a great affection for the cat. She fondled it, put a cap on its head, and called it her "darling baby doll." A few weeks since a real baby sister came to the house "with the doctor" one night. The little girl was delighted. "It's a real baby sister, and a live one, isn't it, mamma?" she said. "Yes, certainly," said the mother. Without saying a word the little girl went down stairs, found the cat, and kicked it out of doors, saying: "Clear out, you old fool, you ain't a live baby, and we don't want you here."—*Hartford Times.*

LAKESHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.			
FROM YPSILANTI.		TO YPSILANTI.	
Fr ^g t & ex ^t	Mail	Fr ^g t & ex ^t	Mail
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3 30pm	11 35
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*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only.
 *Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.
 *Sundays and Sundays only.

St. John's Day, Friday last, was celebrated here by a parade of St. Andrew's Masonic Lodge, colored, in the evening. The parade ended at Benevolent Hall, on Chicago avenue, where addresses were delivered by Rev. Greenbury Polk of Ann Arbor, Rev. Max Smith and Rev. Mr. Saunders. The Ypanti colored band headed the procession.

chair, after an effort was made to
ouse him for supper. Mr. Van Valk-
burg formerly owned a farm near
his city, but sold it some years ago,
and retired from active business, spend-
ing some time in Florida, and with a
sister in Illinois, and this city and else-
where. He had spent the past winter
in Illinois and had come here to pass
the summer. Some three years ago he
suffered an attack of paralysis, from
which he had partially recovered. His
remains were forwarded Friday eve-
ning to Syracuse, N. Y., his former
home, for burial. Deceased was in his
74th year.

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